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AUGUST 3, 1981 Vol. 118 No. 5

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

One major story can be enough to test the resourcefulness of any TIME bureau. But in the past four weeks TIME's London bureau has had to cope with the formidable challenge of covering two simultaneous headline developments: the accelerating preparations for the wedding of Prince Charles and Lady Diana Spencer and the sudden outbreak of rioting in England's industrial cities. The task required an ability to change mood, location and even clothes at a moment's notice. Within hours, Correspondent James Shepherd shifted from tracking rioters in London neighborhoods to chatting amiably with Prince Charles' tailor for this week's cover story on the royal wedding. TIME's Ken Banta, who had just moved to London after finishing a Rhodes scholarship at Oxford, found himself on the burning streets of Liverpool. London Bureau Chief Bonnie Angelo, who was on special assignment in New York City, brought with her a bulging notebook from which she reported for the cover, all the while closely following the violence back in Britain.

Like the country, the bureau resorted to extraordinary measures. A hotel room was rented across the street from the London Time-Life Building for catnaps between assignments. New Delhi Bureau Chief Marcia Gauger was abruptly recruited to lend a hand when she stopped off en route from New York to India. Brenda Draper, London bureau picture researcher, worked with a variety of official British photographers and freelancers to obtain a steady flow of pictures for both stories. Correspondent Mary Cronin turned from organizing the wedding coverage on a master bulletin board to charting the causes of the social unrest. Correspondent Frank Melville, who has observed the British scene for 20 years, noted that "the ferocity of the street fighting seemed to challenge the very concept of 'the Queen's peace,' but undoubtedly the great majority of the British people will draw from the wedding a sense of pride and unity at a critical moment in their country's history."

BEN MARTIN

Cronin, Shepherd, Gauger, Banta, Angelo, Melville

Meanwhile the bureau had affirmed its own sense of pride and unity, as Angelo found when she rejoined her team last week. Says Angelo: "The adrenaline was flowing like champagne at the royal wedding breakfast. If it's a good story—whether riots or romance—no one wants to leave the action."

John a. Meyer

Index

Cover: Illustration by Braldt Bralds.

20
Cover: Evoking a fairy tale of present pomp and past glory before a world parched for romance, England's Prince Charles marries his Lady Diana Spencer in the grandest royal wedding of the century. *See* PEOPLE.

12
Nation: Reagan the novice clicks at his summit debut. ▶ Enemies gang up on Interior's Watt. ▶ Congress funds a breeder reactor that critics claim is a boondoggle. ▶ A new immigration policy. ▶ The angry ex-convict.

30
Middle East: U.S. Special Envoy Philip Habib announces an Israeli-P.L.O. ceasefire, but the peace is precarious, and the question remains: How can Washington control its independent ally? *See* WORLD.

6
American Scene
On a stage in Maine, storytellers cast their ancient spell, soaring like eagles, carrying audiences beyond time and space.

35
World
Poland's party congress ducks some tough issues. ▶ Harsh words over Taiwan. ▶ The Pope's attacker gets life.

44
Economy & Business
Fears are growing about merger mania. ▶ Chrysler is back in the black. ▶ Brave new shrimp. ▶ Cola war in Thailand.

55
Sport
Hobie Alter put Californians onto surfboards, then his popular Hobie Cats. Now he's launching a new 33-ft. sloop.

56
Religion
In his last letters, Theologian Karl Barth mixes compassion for everyday folk and vitriol for academic opponents.

62
Press
After an investment of $85 million, Time Inc. decides to close the Washington *Star*, leaving the capital with only one paper.

65
Science
Down on a Florida farm, diggers turn up a menagerie of creatures that rampaged in the region millions of years ago.

69
Music
Mirella Freni is a reluctant candidate for American stardom, but many think she is the finest lyric soprano in the world.

71
Art
A retrospective at the Whitney Museum highlights the deliberately klutzy yet eloquent vision of the late Philip Guston.

77
Books
The Eisenhower Diaries show that behind the open Huckleberry Finn face was a shrewd soldier and a canny politician.

82
Show Business
The rest of the U.S. may struggle to lose weight, but for some actors the road to employment is a matter of fat.

2 Letters
60 Environment
64 Law
66 Cinema
67 Milestones
70 Education
72 Theater
81 Medicine

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Letters

Viet Nam Vets

To the Editors:

The parade, the national acknowledgment for the Viet Nam veteran [July 13], will never come to pass. We who fought in the war must reconcile ourselves to the memory of it. But should there ever be another Viet Nam, take care when you come for my son.

Randall Dick
Battle Ground, Wash.

I would have preferred to have more attention given to Viet Nam veteran success stories, to those men and women who are today giving time, energy and ideas to their communities, states and nation. We are truly a valuable resource for our country. We survived the war. We can handle anything.

John B. Dwyer, Publisher
Perimeter, *National Viet Nam Veterans Newsletter*
Dayton

Those of us who served in Viet Nam may be fitter, but it is usually those who didn't go who have the jobs.

William R. Sawtell
Brownville, Me.

We used to tell ourselves: "When we die we'll go to heaven because we have spent our time in hell." Fourteen years later, I as well as other Viet Nam veterans return to that hell almost every night.

William Solymosi
Wyandotte, Mich.

I was a first lieutenant in the Army stationed in the Central Highlands. I used to write my wife that I was in a safe area in Viet Nam, just putting in my time. What did she know about Mang Yang Pass, halfway between insanity and hell? A few weeks after I returned to the "real world," we went to a friend's wedding. A truck backfired. I reacted instinctively. My understanding wife couldn't quite comprehend what I was doing cringing in the gutter, rolled up next to a parked car on New York City's Third Avenue. I should have told her. I should have told the whole damn world!

Victor S. Podell
Reston, Va.

The basic reason for the vets' postwar distress is that they were not allowed to win the war. The media provided the ammunition (albeit defective) that the peacenik militants used to label our men baby killers and monsters of all kinds. There was little or no mention by the press and TV of enemy atrocities, which were commonplace, or defeats *(Tet)*. The war was probably journalism's lowest point.

William M. Coffey
Devon, Pa.

Let's get one thing straight. We were demonstrating against the paranoid politicians in Washington, D.C., who, at the wave of a red flag or a dollar sign, put our youth as sitting ducks into an impossible situation in Viet Nam.

We honor these veterans. We also honor the youths whose consciences would not allow them to be used so outrageously. We are all casualties of the Viet Nam War. Perhaps that is why there was no parade.

Rosemary Loeb
Guthrie Center, Iowa

Dairy Stockpiles

After reading the article "Buttering Up the Farmers" [July 6], I am quite convinced that capitalistic economics is a discriminating, nasty tool without any viable source of humanity or emotion. Stockpiling all those dairy products while poor people around the world are starving is clearly inhumane.

Gary Mark
New York City

I love cheese and I'm tired of having my tax dollars used to store cheese that I can barely afford to buy.

Claude H. Hallman
Pottstown, Pa.

A gallon of milk here costs twice as much as a gallon of gasoline, and cheese costs more than some meats at the supermarket. Because of Government subsidies, it's senseless for the American consumer to boycott the dairy farmers, but they make the OPEC nations look like philanthropists.

Joe Parker
Ocala, Fla.

Wimbledon Winners

John McEnroe is a great tennis player, but when you've said that you've said it all. His behavior at Wimbledon [July 13] was that of a foulmouthed adolescent and an embarrassment to the U.S.

David T. Grant
Stony Creek, Conn.

Only one American truly represented the U.S. with a win at Wimbledon—Chris Evert Lloyd.

Alice P. Schow
Tallahassee, Fla.

Maryknollers Under Attack

Those who dedicate their lives to helping the poor and oppressed, as Maryknollers do [July 6], can aptly be called heroes. If some of them are extreme in their efforts, at least they are on the side of charity and justice.

Catherine Costello
Yorktown Heights, N.Y.

God bless the Maryknollers! They're a gutsy group of dedicated Christians with discerning conscience and vision ahead of their time. They seek to raise the dignity of the poor. Conflict, prisons and martyrdom are not new to them.

Cynthia Stuart Davis
York, Pa.

These missionaries do not serve God or the poor, they serve Marx. At least, we Latin Americans recognize them as Communist agitators. Robes don't make a monk.

Mario Letelier Vega
Los Angeles

Congratulations to the Maryknollers for their honesty in simply reporting that the emperor has clothes; it's the people who have none.

Stephen J. Donahue
Scotch Plains, N.J.

Elderly Runaways

I am several decades away from the trials borne by the aged, but I am appalled by the "problem" of nursing home runaways that you described [July 13]. If residents really do possess the right to sign themselves out, and if the homes are not prisons, why do guards watch the doors and police hunt for escapees? "For their safety" is not a good enough reason, not if we respect the elderly as people with their own set of priorities and values. Imagine yearning to see the place where you grew up, or the seashore. Then consider the horror of a guard or nurse saying, "I'm sorry—go back to your room."

Douglas Smith
Brookline, Mass.

Whether a person is young or old, he or she likes to have something interesting to do, and if it cannot be found at one place, he goes elsewhere. If nursing homes created a better atmosphere and provided more outlets for their residents, perhaps there would not be as many walkaways. To stay alone in a room with four blank walls is not what one would call the good life.

Jane Reiner
Toledo

I do not agree with your statement that nursing schools do not adequately prepare their graduates for coping with the aged. Nurses are the products of the society in which they live. To suggest that the attitudes of a person can be significantly changed during the relatively short course of nursing school is unrealistic.

When our country as a whole treats the helpless elderly with the respect they deserve, the field of geriatrics will become less stigmatized for everyone.

Nancy E. Reilly, R.N.
Oakland Community College
Farmington Hills, Mich.

Freud and Cocaine

Sigmund Freud did view cocaine [July 6] as "a magical drug," but only early in his career. He later came to recognize its addictive and destructive power after a patient for whom he had prescribed the drug developed a severe cocaine psychosis. By late 1887 Freud had discontinued his personal and professional use of it.

Robert A. Furey Jr.
Concord, Mass.

Turmoil in Iran

Iran's Islamic leaders received exactly what they so richly earned when a bomb ripped through their headquarters [July 13]. Some day the mullahs will wander eternity hand in hand with the Shah and share the justice meted out to all murderers by the Almighty. Eternal damnation shall be theirs as it is the Shah's.

Theodore M. Kravitz
Washington Crossing, Pa.

After witnessing the outrages the current leaders of Iran have inflicted on their people, I am gratified to see that resistance is taking shape within the country. It is always distressing when fanatics of any sort come to power and influence, but when they arrogate to themselves the right of speaking in the name of God in order to justify acts of monstrous inhumanity, it is particularly unsettling.

Daniel R. Gavaldón
Santa Monica, Calif.

Wordless Signals

Verbal communication is so often abandoned to be replaced by nonverbal messages [July 13] because it has so often been abused by power seekers and manipulators. The "I promise you" of the politicians and "I love you" of the one-night stands force people to search for more reliable signals.

Perhaps because of mass media, the spoken word itself will have to be reexamined and a new language developed with genuine communication as its goal.

Larry Christy
Phoenix

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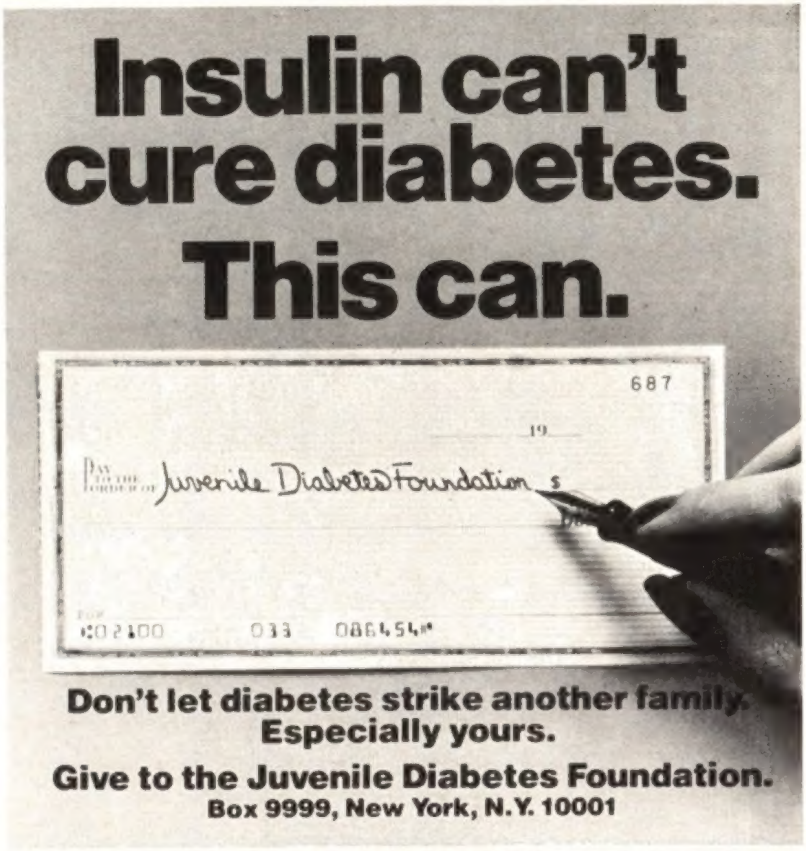

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In Maine: Storytellers Cast Their Ancient Spell

Once upon a summer's morning, on the stage of the Opera House at Rockport, Me., a lanky bearded man in striped shirt and suspenders, looking as if he were off a potato farm, sits on a piano bench beneath an 1890s-style white-and-gilt proscenium arch. At the First Annual North Atlantic Festival of Storytelling, Michael Parents is speaking of creation.

The story Parents tells is from an Iroquois legend, explaining how birds got their song. God, it seems, decided on a fair and just competition. Each bird would fly upward as far as it could, and at that level where its lungs burst and it could fly no higher, it would hear the song it was destined to sing forever. The higher the level, the sweeter or more powerful the song. This was an ingenious idea, even for God, and he was, Parents points out, "kind of proud of himself, in a Great Spirit sort of way."

Then, suddenly, right before everybody's eyes, Parents transforms himself from storyteller into bird. He sinks his neck into his shoulders. He flaps invisible but powerful wings. He crosses his eyes fiercely. His hooked nose curves even more sharply above his downturned mouth. With pride, with paranoia, he twitches his head from side to side. He becomes an eagle, the odds-on favorite to win God's most majestic sound. It may be Sunday morning in Rockport village in the year 1981, but now it is also the first day of creation. When Parents' unsuspecting eagle—with a thrush stowed away on its back—lifts off majestically at the upward wave of the storyteller's hand, the audience lifts off too, out the window of the Opera House, above the sun-dappled boats lying at anchor in Rockport harbor, beyond time, beyond space. Somewhere off in a primeval woods everybody's inner ear hears a sneaky, undeserving little hitchhiker of a thrush trill the loveliest of songs.

The exposition, quiet as a Sunday-school teacher's lesson, is over. The storyteller, in the fullness of his craft, has struck, and the spell is on, as surely as it was when Homer conjured up a fleet of ships on a wine-dark sea bound for the walls of Troy.

Again and again, during the two days and two nights of storytelling, the small miracle happens. There is a perfect gesture, an eloquent word, a scrap of song or dance, and the imagination soars. "Storytellers," said that old Celtic taleteller William Butler Yeats, "make us remember what mankind would have been like, had not fear, and the failing will and the laws of nature tripped up its heels."

It would be too much of a storyteller's exaggeration to suggest that in the middle of an electronic giant's blink—presto!—the art of the storyteller is about to recapture the castle. But certainly more things are happening on the stage of the Rockport Opera House, and elsewhere, than the programmers of the age of television ever dreamed of. This year of the First Annual North Atlantic Festival is also the year of the First Storytelling Festival in New York City, the Second Annual Storytelling Festival in St. Louis and the Third Annual New Mexico Storytelling Festival in Albuquerque. Something called the National Association for the Preservation and Perpetuation of Storytelling in Jonesboro, Tenn., numbers over 800 members. Storytelling has become a respectable course in the college curriculum, without its old academic euphemism, the "Oral Literary Tradition."

TOM JONES

Parents soaring like an eagle beyond time, beyond space

Ten years ago, a storyteller was somebody who sat cross-legged on a classroom floor with a copy of *The Brothers Grimm*, locked in a losing battle with the attention span of first-graders. Under the ceiling fans in Rockport, 404 adults perch on folding wooden chairs for 12½ hours, charmed by every possible kind of story from every possible kind of storyteller.

Bob Barton, from Toronto, favors contemporary fantasies, steeped in rue and irony, like *The Porcelain Man* by Richard Kennedy. With his bemused schoolboy's face, Barton roams the stage, bending at the waist to beseech from his listeners the sympathy due this magically animated figure of China who—would you believe it?—falls in love but, alas, keeps smashing himself into pieces and being reassembled as a porcelain horse or, worse, a dinner set just before he can properly go awooing.

Jackie Torrence, originally out of Granite Quarry, N.C., gives Appalachian Mountain tales her own Earth Mother Afro twist. Eyes rolling, hands fluttering, laughter spilling up and over, she can jolly an audience as nobody else. But watch out for the little sting afterward! Uncle Remus is not safe in her company. When she turns into a frog, warning of the approach of Br'er Rabbit, lily pads a mile away tremble at Torrence's harrumph.

If there is a genius among the storytellers of 1981, it is J. O'Callahan, from Marshfield, Mass., a man of such poetry, wit and elegance that, even in a rugby shirt, he seems Elizabethan. O'Callahan writes his own superb stories. *The Herring Shed*, told from the point of view of a 14-year-old girl learning the mysteries of her first job in Nova Scotia during the darkest days of World War II, is a minor masterpiece of coming-of-age literature. As she strings up her fish to dry, O'Callahan's young narrator is still a charming child, playing at a new game. When she learns, with her hands smelling of herring, of the death of her brother on a European battlefield, O'Callahan in one exquisitely touching moment transforms the girl into a woman.

At intermission the audience streams out of the Opera House into afternoon sunlight. If you stroll through the center of the village, past the New Leaf Bookshop, over the bridge above Goose River, you come to a gray colonial across the street from Enos Ingraham's general store. This is the home of David Outerbridge, an independent publisher and organizer of the festival. In the Outerbridge living room, half a dozen off-duty storytellers talk about their calling with nearly the same pleasure that they tell stories.

Barton has a confession to make: "Sometimes I control a story too tightly. I sit on it. I'm holding it back. Then the moment comes when it flies—when it pulls you along behind it. That's a wonderful feeling. The story tells you."

There are polite disagreements about technique. Some encourage improvisation. Some stick strictly to their text. Some argue that the first law of storytelling is to keep up a flow of words. O'Callahan, who believes that storytelling is a kind of music, with the storyteller as the instru-

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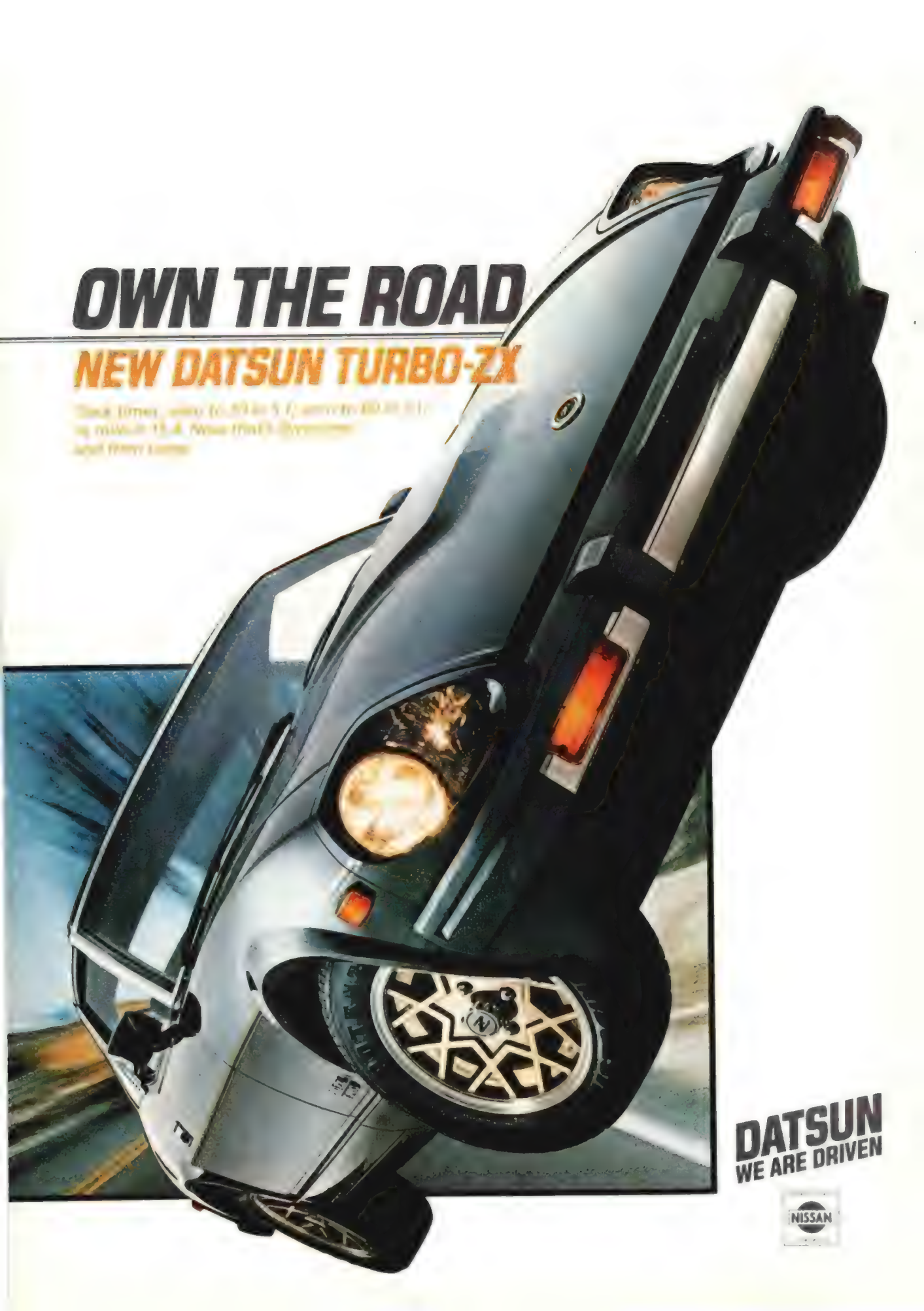
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ment, has advised in print: "Be brave enough to use silence."

But the one thing they all agree on is that storyteller and audience somehow constitute a single being, as inseparable as two lovers. One goes nowhere without the other. Either storyteller and audience are borne up together, like Parents' eagle and thrush, or else they are left earthbound together, stranded, waiting for the small miracle to happen

It is in the tradition of storytellers to be paid by food and lodging. The storyteller of the 1980s does better, though as yet baseball players need not worry. Torrence, with a repertoire of some 450 stories, makes a living by giving as many as 600 performances a year. (Storytellers get paid anywhere from $100 to $750 a day.) Most of the storytellers have to hold down a job. Barton works for the Ontario Ministry of Education. Even O'Callahan

O'Callahan: "Be brave enough to use silence"

keeps a base on the faculty of the Lesley Graduate School of Cambridge, Mass. But the shoptalk is less about any collective or individual success of the storyteller in the near future than it is about the price of such success. "I remember what happened to folk music in the 1950s," Barton reminds everybody soberly

Pure is a word used with some regularity. Outerbridge plans to produce a pilot series for television, but he is wary of gimmicks. "We won't have an enactment," he promises. The rules of the game are clearly understood. No antic chorus, no laugh track—not even an introduction by Alistair Cooke—can really make Parents' eagle soar. Parents sums up the ancient contract: "A live person is looking at you and telling a story. That's a pretty arresting thing." Outside, the late afternoon shadows are beginning to lengthen Somewhere an eagle flies. Somewhere a thrush sings. It is time to get back to the stories. —*By Melvin Maddocks*

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MICHAEL EVANS—THE WHITE HOUSE

Summit of a Strong Seven

Meeting at Montebello, Western leaders carry on a dialogue of promise

The final communiqué had been drafted. The host, Canadian Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau, was briskly pushing the seventh annual conference of leaders of the major industrialized democracies toward its prearranged conclusion. But then Ronald Reagan, a novice at high-level summitry, urged that a mild sentence limiting the sale of high-technology products to the Soviet Union be made tougher. Trudeau curtly reminded the President that reopening the issue was out of order. "Aw shucks," replied Reagan. "This is my first summit, and maybe I don't know the rules as well as I should. If I'm out of line, I'm out of line." Disarmed by Reagan's humble manner, Trudeau relaxed and relented. The sentence in question was minutely strengthened.

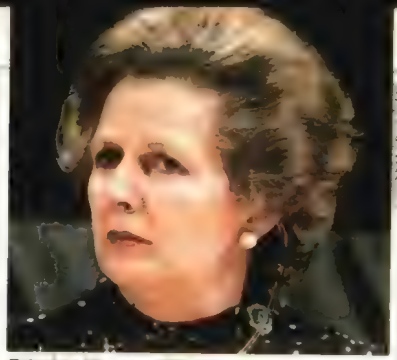
Even more than the economic issues that sharply divide the allied nations, uncertainty about how seven strong personalities would interact lent an air of suspense to the 2½-day conference. In fact, the personalities meshed surprisingly well, considering the fact that four of the leaders were newcomers to a series of get-togethers that began in Rambouillet, France, in 1975. And, while none of the nations reversed directions, their leaders managed to disagree without creating personal antagonism. That newly developed rapport, and the willingness of the leaders to respect one another's concerns, could well prove invaluable in the difficult months ahead. They must continue to grapple with conflicting economic priorities and differing views on the pace and nature of arms limitation talks and trade with the Soviet Union.

The leaders convened in the forested isolation of Le Château Montebello, 40 miles down the Ottawa River from Canada's capital. The formal sessions were held across a 22-ft. round oak table that cost $12,000. Each leader, seated in a red velour swivel chair, was flanked by his top foreign affairs and economic advisers. All wore earphones to hear translations, and each could sip Vichy or Perrier water, 7-Up or Coke.

Tracing the mood of the conference, a French official summed up. "On a meter, the needle started way over at 'conflict' and moved into the range of 'harmony.'" Reagan's top aides, including Secretary of State Alexander Haig, were almost embarrassingly effusive in their praise of the President's performance. Somewhat more credibly, European participants credited Reagan's low-key and amiable personality with easing tensions. Many of them had openly wondered beforehand whether the President knew enough about global affairs to represent a superpower in such select company. His steady, unabrasive performance erased many of their doubts.

"Reagan turned out to be a very good communicator, even with some elements of a statesman," said one senior European official. Shrugged an Italian participant: "He's such an attractive leader—what can you do?" Added Allan MacEachen, Canada's Deputy Prime Minister and Finance Minister: "We were genuinely impressed with his obvious conviction about what he is doing. There is no vacillation in his approach, no self-doubting. Through his friendliness, a lot of heat was removed from the summit." Reagan, said Italian Premier Giovanni Spadolini, "speaks in anecdotes and proverbs, and in this he reminds one a bit of Khrushchev." Reagan might not have relished the comparison.

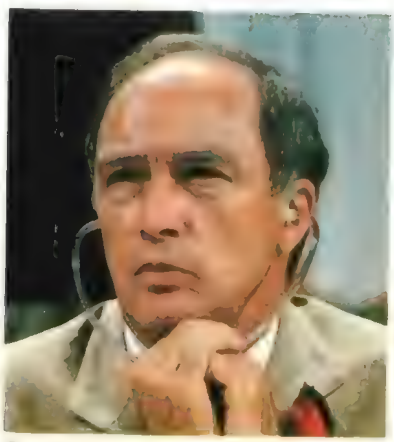
Reagan was well briefed for the summit; he forcefully advocated his Administration's positions in the conference's



Britain's Margaret Thatcher

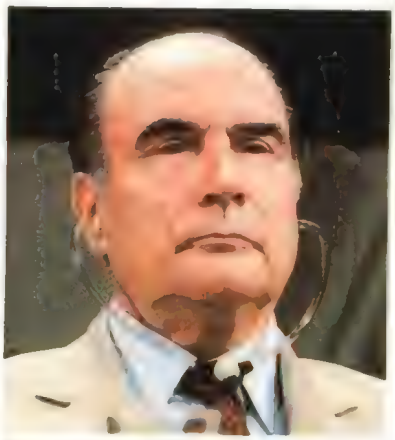
West Germany's Helmut Schmidt

Japan's Zenko Suzuki



Canada's Pierre Trudeau

formal sessions without notes or texts. His informality was ice breaking. Britain's starchy Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher was clearly pleased rather than affronted by his familiarity when Reagan at one point leaned toward her and said, "Maggie, I love you." When French President François Mitterrand greeted him with a cheery "Hello," the President answered: "Thanks for saying hello in my language. Let me say *'Bonjour.'*" He then went on to apologize for his largely forgotten high school French.



France's François Mitterrand

Next to Reagan, the fledgling summiteer most under scrutiny by other participants was Mitterrand. He reinforced his reputation as an intellectual by carrying a volume of the Pléiade series of French classical literature to a meeting with Spadolini, who said that Mitterrand had expressed "passionate interest in quattrocento Florence." Conveying an air of lofty civility, Mitterrand came across as surprisingly moderate; he particularly impressed U.S. officials with his advocacy of a strong Western military response to the Soviet arms buildup. Mitterrand was critical of the U.S. on only one major economic point: the high American interest rates. Said one European participant: "Mitterrand was very calm. He gave the impression of being a very kindly man."

The other two newcomers, Italy's Spadolini, who had been in office only three weeks, and Japan's Prime Minister Zenko Suzuki, deliberately chose to play modest roles. The erudite and usually garrulous Spadolini, like Mitterrand, was outspoken only in assailing high U.S. interest rates, which he claimed had seriously jeopardized Italy's anti-inflation drive. The reticent Suzuki skillfully avoided drawing attention to himself—and thus escaped sharp criticism of his nation's selective, restrictive import policies and its aggressive overseas selling. Canada's Deputy Prime Minister MacEachen explained the reluctance of the conferees to publicly criticize Japan: "When you are extolling the virtues of free trade, it is hard to point a finger at the people who have been so brilliantly successful at it."

As for the conference's old hands, West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, as expected, was Reagan's harshest critic, lecturing the U.S. President about his "overreliance" on monetary policy to check inflation. Schmidt openly charged that Reagan's advocacy of stiff trade restrictions with the Soviet Union conflicted with the U.S. decision to lift its embargo on grain sales to Moscow. Still, Schmidt had worked carefully with Trudeau before the conference began to seek "a middle ground" in which

Italy's Giovanni Spadolini

U.S. economic policies could be criticized but a public confrontation would be avoided. Said one European participant about Schmidt: "The Chancellor is forceful by nature. He was down-to-earth, no-nonsense, even brusque."

Making the most of his moment in the international spotlight, Trudeau played his moderating role effectively. Distracted perhaps by her problems back home, the normally abrasive Thatcher was unusually restrained and at one session was tactfully helpful. After Schmidt had attacked Reagan's policies, Thatcher looked at the President, her ideological ally, and said soothingly: "Oh, that's all right. Helmut's just being provocative." The laughter, joined in by Schmidt, ended a tense moment.

In private session with Reagan, as well as in the group conversations, Schmidt drove home his attack on U.S. interest levels. In his country, he claimed with some hyperbole, they had resulted in "the highest real interest rates since the birth of Christ." An economist by training and West Germany's onetime Finance Minister, Schmidt insisted that American interest rates had forced Western European countries to raise their own rates in order to keep their currencies from falling even farther behind the rising dollar. The result, he said, was declining business investment, rising unemployment and soaring oil prices, which are tied to dollars.

Schmidt wanted to make sure, he said, that Reagan realized the overseas impact of the American monetary policy. Rea-

gan assured Schmidt that he did understand European concerns, but argued that he had inherited high interest rates from the Carter Administration and that they were merely a by-product of his anti-inflation strategy. His tax and budget cuts, he said, were "the right medicine" for the U.S. economy, and he predicted that interest rates would fall as inflation declines. Schmidt also pressed Reagan to pursue more aggressively an agreement with the Soviets on limiting theater nuclear missiles in Europe. Reagan's reply: the U.S. intends to engage in these negotiations seriously, and some level of talks should be under way by late fall.

Throughout the talks, the escalating violence in the Middle East was on the leaders' minds. Their foreign ministers, meeting concurrently at Montebello, leaned on Haig to get the U.S. to apply more pressure on Israel to halt its air strikes into Lebanon. Reagan's top advisers met in Haig's suite and decided to urge the President to order the indefinite suspension of delivery of ten F-16 fighters that Israel had been promised. Trudeau also publicly criticized "the scale of destruction, particularly in Lebanon." Reagan agreed to delay the airplane deliveries while the fighting continued, and Haig stepped before TV cameras at Montebello to announce the decision. After the conference ended, a shaky cease-fire agreement was reached that could end the latest outbreak of violence between Israel and the Palestine Liberation Organization.

The conference's final eleven-page communiqué, when it was issued from Ottawa's National Arts Center, contained few surprises, offering inoffensive concessions to all participants' points of view. On interest rates, for example, the document said: "We see low and stable monetary growth as essential to reducing inflation. Interest rates have to play their parts in achieving this and are likely to remain high where fears of inflation remain strong. It is also highly desirable to minimize volatility of interest rates and exchange rates."

U.S. Treasury Secretary Donald Regan insisted that the Administration's economic program had actually been endorsed at the conference, declaring: "We asked if anybody had any better ideas, and nobody did. In the end, everyone agreed we should keep on doing exactly what we're doing." Few Europeans, however, read the short-term and qualified approval all that sweepingly. European finance ministers privately expressed genuine fear of severe economic distress in their nations if the Reagan policies do not produce results before it is too late. Thus, however encouraging in its spirit, Montebello looked like only the promising opening of a long dialogue among contentious friends. *—By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett and Lawrence Malkin/Ottawa*

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Commander from Culver City

Anyone who has been a military academy cadet, a cavalry private, an infantry sergeant, a submarine commander, an R.A.F. flyer and a prisoner of war should be ready for the role of Commander in Chief. Not to mention having been a Confederate captain, George Armstrong Custer, who became a Union general in the Civil War.

In fact, Ronald Reagan's only real military service was in the peacetime reserves and as one of "the Culver City commandos," who made training films for the Army Air Forces during World War II. But there is no doubt among those who now watch him in the White House that all those movie parts involving military heroics helped form his view of how America should use its power in the world.

Reagan's approach has a certain show-business tilt. He set out to engender new pride in the military. He ordered more prominent display of the Stars and Stripes. He insisted that the ceremony for Master Sergeant Roy P. Benavidez, who was belatedly awarded the Medal of Honor for heroism in Viet Nam, be scheduled at the Pentagon, and he made the award himself. Reagan urged that rules on military uniforms be relaxed so that more servicemen would be encouraged to wear them off duty as well as on.

Poster of Reagan as R.A.F. pilot

The President has read some military history, but he is no student of either geopolitics or hardware. The question once again arises: Can a leader who is essentially unknowing about complex strategic issues make the right military choices? The nation's past yields few lessons. Franklin Roosevelt, an Assistant Secretary of the Navy during World War I, fancied himself a strategist of sorts. He loved to ride the bridge of a warship, wearing his black cape. But warfare was simpler then, and Roosevelt's long reign as an active Commander in Chief did educate him. Harry Truman had good instincts about war, and even better men around him. Ike, of course, knew roughly what he was doing.

But starting with John Kennedy, the job of Commander in Chief changed dramatically. Thanks to modern communications, Presidents became as intimate with battlefields as company commanders in a skirmish. The kind of detail that used to be left to a flight leader was settled during the Viet Nam War by Lyndon Johnson in the White House.

Reagan may be changing all this. In strategic matters, he has ordered Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger to "close the gap" with the Soviet Union. Reagan has not tried to dictate whether the U.S. should have bigger warheads or how they should be launched. He will make the final decisions on these military matters, but he is above the disputatious process of determining exactly what range of choice the U.S. faces.

James Schlesinger, Secretary of Defense under Nixon and Ford, is convinced that no one who is successful in presidential politics can have the time or energy to understand warfare. That person must rely on others. And a President with only a little knowledge, but with the arrogance to use it, can be dangerous, says Schlesinger. The other side of the coin is that the refusal of a President to use his authority and make hard decisions is also hazardous. Carter, who had a Navy background in nuclear submarines, rarely decided among competing strategies and weapons systems, and thus the U.S. drifted.

"There is never enough money and there are never enough forces for a President to do all he wants," says Brent Scowcroft, Ford's National Security Adviser. Reagan should ponder Scowcroft's rule. A President's task is to set the large priorities, hold firm to them and let his experts work out the rest. It sounds easy, but it will be the biggest battle the Culver City commando has ever fought.

A Watt That Produces Steam

More storms from the Interior

"Watch my record, not my rhetoric," James Watt told conservationists who were skeptical, even downright panicked, when he was appointed Secretary of the Interior. So they did. Now the Cabinet's most controversial member is under attack not only by environmental groups but also by the state of California, staffers in his own department's Office of Surface Mining, and even Congress. Said California Democrat Alan Cranston, in an impassioned speech to the Senate: "The clamor for his removal grows more persistent every day. I want Mr. Watt stopped. Now."

The House last week made one striking attempt to stop Watt. By a 358-46 margin (including 142 Republicans), it passed a version of the $11.2 billion Interior Department appropriation bill containing provisions that would forbid some of the Secretary's proposals. Among them is Watt's plan to streamline the Office of Surface Mining, which has already led to intradepartmental mutiny. In May Watt decided to shut down the Denver office of OSM, which supervises strip-mining operations in eight Western states, and ordered 113 of its 133 employees to move, most of them to somewhat less cosmopolitan Casper, Wyo. So far, 26 have quit, and 72 filed suit in federal court to block the transfer. The House appropriation bill would bar funds for the reorganization.

The House bill also contains a proviso that would halt Watt's tentative plan to sell the oil and gas rights to four oceanic basins off the northern California coast. The tracts are in the middle of rich commercial fishing grounds and are home to several species of threatened marine life. The U.S. Geological Survey estimates that the basins contain only about 300 million bbl. of crude, or roughly twelve days' worth of the nation's oil needs. Environmentalists have been joined in the battle to prevent sale by some conservative Republicans, who feel that the auction would be contrary to President Reagan's pledges to share federal power with the states because Watt did not consult officials in Sacramento. California Republican Chairman Dr. Tirso del Junco wrote Watt that pushing the "extremely sensitive" sales would hurt the party in the state, which plans to file suit to block the auction, if it is scheduled.

Watt's long-range plans call for the leasing of 1 billion acres of offshore tracts within five years. Aside from the ecological damage this might cause, Edwin Rothschild, director of the liberal Washington-based group Energy Action, argues that the leasing is "a dumb business move." Reason: it would quadruple the area opened each year for exploration at a time when oil companies are finding it difficult enough to develop profitably the tracts already available. Watt's answer is that he expects the oil companies to determine which tracts should be developed. Says he: "I don't believe government should stand in the way of the free market, and I'm here to do what I can to make sure it doesn't."

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"Sorry, but we already signed a petition about James Watt."

At the time of his appointment, Watt was head of the Mountain States Legal Foundation, a Denver-based "public interest" law firm that took a prodevelopment stance in various environmental disputes. Conservationists thought then that he was a poor choice to head Interior, and still do. The Environmental Defense Fund, a legal action group, announced last week that it will sue Watt for delaying the addition of 44 species, most of them Hawaiian snails, to the endangered species list. The San Francisco–based Sierra Club, one of Watt's most vocal opponents, is continuing to circulate impeachment petitions. And Friends of the Earth, an environmental advocacy group, has sold 1,200 DUMP WATT T shirts (some of them to Interior Department employees) at up to $7.50 apiece.

The most significant attack on Watt has been made by the 4.7 million-member National Wildlife Federation, by far the largest conservation group and a bastion of conservative Republicanism. Two weeks ago, the federation sent a letter to the President calling for Watt's dismissal. Said Executive Vice President Jay D. Hair: "Evidence of Mr. Watt's unsuitability has become so overwhelming that the sooner he is relieved of his duties, the better it will be for the country and its resources."

The Cabinet's controversial true believer

"Now I can change my style. I'm mellower."

White House Chief of Staff James Baker insists that the President has "absolute faith" in his Secretary. But one senior adviser admitted that the federation's condemnation was "disturbing," and Presidential Counsellor Edwin Meese asked to meet with Hair soon. Watt's difficulty, White House aides believe, stems more from style than substance. Says a Reagan aide: "He's just too confrontational. If he could soften the edges slightly, it would make a big difference." Watt has been told to clear major policy announcements with the White House so that image-conscious aides can try to mute any potential public outcry.

Watt insists that his abrasive approach was necessary to change entrenched attitudes in the Interior Department's bureaucracy. He told TIME last week: "I had to come in and yell commands that would be heard and obeyed. So I yelled, and the change came faster than I thought it would." Having forcefully made clear his intentions and goals, Watt says that he can settle down to manage the department: "Now I can change my style, my rhetoric and my mode of operation. I'm mellower."

Perhaps. But Watt in a lower key is unlikely to stop the controversy; he is a true believer in what he sees as Reagan's mandate to restrain the intrusive federal bureaucracy. Watt's explanation of why environmentalists oppose him may be right on the mark: "They were quite surprised and upset when we did not consult them on decisions. But we didn't need to. We knew exactly what we wanted to do." —*By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Gary Lee/Washington*

Clinch River: a Breeder for Baker

In a lean federal budget, pork-barrel politics as usual

Ronald Reagan was elected as a fierce penny pincher, and the budget thundering toward final passage by both houses is full of pared-down appropriations. But tucked amid all the austerity is $228 million to begin construction of an experimental nuclear power plant on the Clinch River in eastern Tennessee. Since 1970 the Government has invested more than $1 billion in the project, and the plant is seen by its backers as central to American nuclear development. The President is a strong supporter of nuclear power, and the Administration has lobbied hard to continue Clinch River's funding. Last week the House voted down, 206 to 186, a last-ditch attempt to cancel 1982 appropriations for the plant. The Senate Energy Committee had earlier authorized funds without debate.

Congress gave Clinch River the go-ahead despite mounting evidence that the reactor is an unnecessary and colossally mismanaged boondoggle—and potentially dangerous as well. Four days before the House vote, an Oversight and Investigations Subcommittee staff issued an excoriating report on the project subtitled "A Cost and Technical Fiasco." The report cited well-known problems, like Clinch River's increase in cost from $669 million in 1973 to at least $3.2 billion, and raised again questions about the adequacy of the reactor's safety mechanisms.

The most damning revelations were in the report's catalogue of financial abuse. Many contracts for the manufacture of reactor components were slackly written, lacking even technical specifications. Said Investigator A. Ernest Fitzgerald of one contractor's agreements: "I think it was very decent of Westinghouse to do any work, because it is not clear they have to do anything at all under these contracts." A steam generator priced at $5 million in 1975 actually cost the Government $71 million. The report found evidence of both bribery and fraud by some contractors. A consortium of 753 private utilities agreed in 1973 to put up more than a third of the capital for Clinch River. Thanks to the cost overruns, the private sector investment will be no more than 8%, and probably less.

Reactor site on a Tennessee river bend; inset: the Senator, left, with constituents

Congress says yes, but critics say no to an expensive technological fiasco.

At the heart of the Clinch River debate are not its finances but its technology; the 375-megawatt plant to be built is a breeder reactor, which creates more atomic fuel than it burns. The physics behind this alchemy is not new. A few light bulbs were powered by the first tiny breeder 30 years ago, and a 200-MW breeder plant was fired up—and failed—near Detroit in 1966. Conventional nuclear reactors also create fuel, but about 35% less than they consume, rather than, like breeders, about 20% more. Says A. David Rossin of the American Nuclear Society: "Breeder reactors will be needed. To abandon Clinch River now would be a crippling blow to the U.S. breeder program." Agrees Pietro Pasqua, a physicist at the University of Tennessee at Knoxville: "We ought to be proceeding as fast as we can. We are now ten years behind the rest of the world."

Indeed, Britain, West Germany, the Soviet Union and France are already operating breeders more advanced than the one not yet built at Clinch River. To critics this argues against a U.S. commitment to the expensive Tennessee project. "It's like the Concorde," says Vanderbilt University Physicist John Barach. "Let the French do it. If we need it, we can get them to license a breeder to this country."

Breeders can be fueled by uranium or plutonium, but they produce only the latter. Plutonium is a far handier substance for making bombs, and some skittish critics are afraid that Clinch River might become a target for terrorists seeking to cadge a few pounds of plutonium to make an atomic weapon. The reactor is designed to be cooled by liquid sodium, a highly volatile substance, and there are some doubts about the ability of the reactor to control a catastrophic leakage in the sodium ducts. "It is a much more dangerous and complex device than other reactors," says Vanderbilt's Barach.

Clinch River's proponents insist that breeders are the only means that the U.S. has to guarantee itself an unlimited domestic supply of atomic fuel. But even this advantage may not justify the costs. "There won't be a shortage of conventional uranium for at least 50 years," says Jan Beyea, a physicist on the staff of the Audubon Society. "Certainly there is no urgent rush to get into breeder technology." President Jimmy Carter, worried about the proliferation of plutonium, tried to stop Clinch River. Even Budget Director David Stockman, while he was a Michigan Congressman, opposed Clinch River, contending that the Government should not underwrite nuclear development for the private sector by building the reactor. He called the project "totally incompatible with our free-market approach to energy policy."

Stockman argued within the White House for denying Clinch River further funds, but was overruled. What sealed the Administration's commitment to the reactor was geography—and politics. The plant is to be built in the home state of Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker. Already 458 Baker constituents work on the project, and there is the promise of 4,000 more jobs for the seven-year duration of construction. "In large measure," says one congressional aide, "the Reagan support is due to the fact that Baker is for it." Yet Baker barely had to enter the fray. Admits one of his aides: "This year we didn't have to save it ourselves. We didn't have to do that much." Republican Judd Gregg of New Hampshire, who worked to kill Clinch River in the House, insisted that his toughest opponent was Howard Baker. And who else? "Howard Baker," Gregg repeated. "After that, you don't need any other lobbyists." —*By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Gary Lee/Washington and Peter Stoler/New York*

Haitian refugees, arriving at Miami Beach, are greeted by the natives

Controls for an Alien Invasion

The Administration's new policy on immigration

WILL THE LAST AMERICAN LEAVING SOUTH FLORIDA PLEASE BRING THE FLAG So reads a bumper sticker in Miami. It is one small sign of Floridians' growing anger about the 150,000 Cuban and Haitian refugees who have beached on their state's shores since the 1980 Mariel boatlift. Although the care of undocumented aliens from the Caribbean is a federal responsibility, the burden of supporting them has fallen mostly on Florida, and Governor Robert Graham has had enough of it. He is suing the Federal Government for failure to curtail immigration into South Florida. Says he: "The status quo is intolerable."

Indeed, no one questions that American immigration policy has been notoriously lax. Although the U.S. welcomes 270,000 legal immigrants yearly, at the President's discretion a flood of Cuban and Haitian refugees swelled that number to more than 800,000 last year. An additional 500,000 to 1 million entered the U.S. illegally, most of them along the 2,000-mile border with Mexico.

The Reagan Administration plans to respond to the alien crisis this week with a new set of guidelines on immigration. The proposals, which must be approved by Congress, would increase slightly the number of legal immigrants allowed into the U.S. At the same time, the Government would try to stanch the flow of illegal aliens by strengthening the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) and by levying penalties on employers who hire illegal aliens.

The new guidelines were developed by a task force headed by Attorney General William French Smith. The limit of 270,000 legal immigrants would be increased to 310,000 to accommodate a new ceiling of 40,000 for Canada and Mexico. For illegal aliens already in the country, the Administration would offer limited amnesty. Those who arrived before January 1980 would be allowed to stay on a "temporary" basis if they have means of support and no criminal convictions. They would qualify as permanent resident aliens after either five or ten years—a question still being debated—if they pass an English language test. The Cubans and Haitians who arrived by boat before January 1981 would also be put on temporary status. All temporaries would be ineligible for welfare or unemployment benefits, but they could send their children to public schools.

The most important part of Reagan's program, however, is the crackdown on illegal aliens. The Administration wants to increase the INS budget by $150 million, partly to provide more agents to patrol the Mexican-American border. Reagan also proposes to fine businesses that employ four or more people up to $1,000 for each illegal alien they hire. Although Reagan has rejected Attorney General Smith's proposal for a counterfeit-proof Social Security card, the Administration will recommend that an alien job seeker must produce two forms of identification for employers and must sign a form swearing that he is in the U.S. legally.

The proposals have already come under harsh attack. Tony Bonilla, president of the League of United Latin American Citizens, has denounced the amnesty plan as "tantamount to establishing serfdom." Some conservative Republicans oppose employer sanctions as yet another form of Government regulation. The Mexican-American Legal Defense and Educational Fund says the sanctions will lead to job discrimination against Hispanics. Other critics argue that without a certain method of identifying illegal aliens, sanctions will be impossible to enforce. Nonetheless, there is little support for a national I.D. card. Acknowledges Republican Senator Alan Simpson of Wyoming, who supports some kind of I.D.: "It conjures up images of jackboots at the door."

Big farmers of the West who use the cheap labor provided by illegal immigrants welcome one provision of the Reagan package. Recognizing the fact that thousands of Mexicans crisscross the border every year for jobs, the Administration would allow 50,000 guest workers into the U.S. for nine to twelve months. They would have to leave their families behind, but would be paid a minimum wage and be eligible for health care. Says Mexican President José López Portillo: "We will insist that migratory rights not be confused with labor rights and human rights."

Immigration policy was perhaps the toughest issue debated so far by Reagan's Cabinet, and the recommendations clearly represent something of a compromise. "It has badly divided the Administration," says Roger Conner, executive director of the Federation for American Immigration Reform: "The libertarians scream about getting the Government off the backs of the people, while the law-and-order types see our laws as a mockery. The pragmatists see all pain and no gain and wonder why the Administration got involved at all." Now the problem is in the hands of Congress, which is also badly split by regional and ethnic quarrels on this emotional issue. ■

Casey's Shadow

Senators urge CIA chief to quit

It is one of the most delicate appointments a President makes: whom to trust with the sensitive task of directing the Central Intelligence Agency. Last week President Reagan's selection of William J. Casey, his former campaign manager, to head the CIA came under increasingly serious assault from Republicans on Capitol Hill. After sounding out the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, which oversees the agency, Assistant Majority Leader Ted Stevens of Alaska said that a bipartisan committee majority wants Casey to quit.

At issue is Casey's poor judgment in appointing a political crony, Max Hugel, to head the CIA's clandestine operations. A New Hampshire entrepreneur with no relevant background in intelligence work, Hugel quit under fire two weeks ago when two former business associates accused him of illegal stock manipulations before he joined the agency. The committee is also probing Casey's own

William Casey

business past, including findings by two courts that he and other directors of Multiponics, a New Orleans agribusiness firm, had deceived investors and operated the company to protect their own financial interests instead of those of stockholders.

For two weeks, the Intelligence Committee's chairman, Arizona's Barry Goldwater, had privately told colleagues that "Casey must go," while publicly denying any intention to force him out. But last week Goldwater startled other committee members by holding a press conference at which he contended that Casey's selection of Hugel had been "a sufficient mistake for Mr. Casey to consider withdrawing himself or having the President do so." The CIA chief's poor judgment in choosing Hugel, said Goldwater, was "dangerous."

Stevens declared that Casey should leave "for the good of the agency." He was joined by Delaware Republican William Roth, who said that the controversy makes it "impossible for Mr. Casey to effectively discharge his duties." More significant, Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker expressed full confidence in Goldwater and added: "I will back up Goldwater in whatever he decides to do."

New York's Daniel Patrick Moynihan, a committee Democrat, was angry at the failure of White House aides and Attorney General William French Smith to return telephone calls requesting records of Casey's business. Vowed Moynihan: "If they are going to cover up, they are going to lose themselves a director of the CIA." Both the Justice Department and the White House hastily promised to furnish the records.

At week's end a new allegation was raised against Casey. Carl G. Paffendorf, president of COAP Systems Inc., a computerized financial planning company, said that Casey had lent the company $100,000 in 1971-72 when Casey was chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission. In return, claimed Paffendorf, he had given Casey a $10,000 interest in another computer firm, Penverter Partners. Casey had failed to report this gift in financial statements required for his Senate confirmation to head the CIA. An agency spokesman said Casey had paid "a nominal consideration" for the Penverter interest and had not considered it a gift.

The Senate committee has no power to dismiss Casey directly. As Goldwater conceded: "Mr. Casey is a creature of the President. As long as the President retains confidence in him, he stays." Amid last week's rising furor, Reagan declared: "We are cooperating fully with the Senate committee. I have not changed my mind about Bill Casey." So far, said one senior committee staffer, "there's no smoking gun, but there's plenty of smoke." But unless it clears quickly, Casey might well face strong political pressure to resign as the nation's spymaster. ■

Self-fulfillment in a California whirlpool tub: A great idea in a strange guise?

Aftershocks of the "Me" Decade

An upbeat Yankelovich predicts a new "ethic of commitment"

In the late 1960s, and through most of the 1970s, some fundamental and widely shared cultural views changed in the U.S. With the economy booming, many Americans were liberated from old anxieties about material success. The belief that hard work, self-denial and moral rectitude were their own rewards gave way to a notion, held fervently and misguidedly by some, that the "self" and the realization of its full "potential" were all-important pursuits. This phenomenon was ridiculed as the "me" decade by Writer Tom Wolfe and the "culture of narcissism" by Social Critic Christopher Lasch.

Daniel Yankelovich, a student of the American psyche and chairman of the polling firm of Yankelovich, Skelly & White, now offers a more benign view. In *New Rules: Searching for Self-Fulfillment in a World Turned Upside Down* (Random House; $15.95), he suggests that this social upheaval may turn out to be as important as the cultural and political revolution that created the nation. Yankelovich recognizes that selfishness often masquerades as "self-actualization" and that "nothing has subverted self-fulfillment more thoroughly than self-indulgence." But borrowing from Alfred North Whitehead, he notes that "great ideas often enter reality in strange guises and with disgusting alliances."

Yankelovich, whose firm's political polls appear in TIME, uses opinion research to justify his conclusions about America's shifting attitudes. He finds that only 17% of the population have self-fulfillment as their principal life goal. Slightly more (20%) still cling to traditional values of hard work, family loyalty and sacrifice. The majority (63%) embrace some traditional values but also espouse views that would have been heretical only a generation ago. They are tolerant about abortion, premarital sex, remaining single, and not having children; they are skeptical about the importance of work, feeling that it does not have to be at the center of their lives.

Yankelovich

America's sense of social drift, Yankelovich argues, is not created just by the human-potential faddists and their self-destructive tendency to confuse "needs" and "desires." Rather, the problem is broader based, encompassing the middle group, which developed its semiliberated values in a time of economic plenty. According to Yankelovich, Americans came to believe they could have it all—wealth without work, sexual freedom without marital problems, self-absorption without loss of community. Then came the rise of OPEC, a decline in U.S. productivity and a huge expansion of federally funded social programs. "Had we not been lost in our introspective reveries, we might have noticed what was happening," Yankelovich says. Instead, many Americans are just now discovering that their high-flying expectations are out of place in more austere economic circumstances.

Yankelovich argues that a new "ethic of commitment" is dawning, in which self-denial and self-fulfillment will be synthesized into a "search for community." Unfortunately, the evidence supporting this rosy vision is fairly flimsy. Even he seems unconvinced: he anticipates an era of conflict as people try to hold on to both their new freedoms and their high standard of living.

The author has little to say about the role of politics, especially the Reagan Administration's overhaul of fiscal and social policy. He also pays limited attention to the tradition-minded 20% of the population (mostly fervent Reagan supporters) who are repelled and embittered by the permissiveness they see around them. Indeed, this old-fashioned but increasingly vocal group could set to a significant degree the moral tone for the 1980s. —*By John F. Stacks*

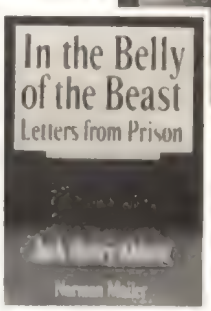
In the Belly of the Beast

After a dream of heaven, a nightmare intervenes

You are both alone in his cell. You've slipped out a knife (eight- to ten-inch blade, double-edged). You're holding it beside your leg so he can't see it. The enemy is smiling and chattering away about something. He thinks you're his fool; he trusts you. You see the spot. It's a target between the second and third button on his shirt. As you calmly talk and smile, you move your left foot to the side to step across his right-side body length. A light pivot toward him with your right shoulder and the world turns upside down: you have sunk the knife to its hilt into the middle of his chest.

The author of those words, Jack Henry Abbott, 37, had practiced that lethal sidestep on a fellow inmate while doing time in Utah state prison. He described the art of murder in one of some 1,000 letters that he wrote to Author Norman Mailer between 1977 and 1980, providing a cool but furious description of life behind bars. It was an existence filled with violence: the violence done to Abbott in roach-infested solitary-confinement cells and the violence that Abbott, long a prison incorrigible, did to others. His was a voice so choked with rage that he admitted, "I have to intentionally gauge [it] in conversation." That anger, he wrote, "could consume me at any moment if I lost control."

Abbott began his correspondence with Mailer after reading that he was at work on a book about Gary Gilmore, a Utah inmate who was executed for murder in 1977. Abbott, who had spent all but 9½ months of his adult life in prison, offered to give the author a sense of "the atmospheric pressure" endured by long-term convicts like Gilmore. Mailer accepted the offer and was stunned by the hard-edged eloquence of the self-educated Abbott, who boasted: "Nine-tenths of my vocabulary I have never *heard* spoken." Wrote Mailer: "I felt all the awe one knows before a phenomenon." He helped Abbott publish the letters; *In the Belly of the Beast* appeared to critical ovations in July. Then, by attesting to the convict's talent and promising him a job in New York, Mailer helped persuade the Federal Parole Board to release him last June. A $15,000 book advance paid three lawyers who handled his release.



Abbott arrived in New York on June 5 with something "only one in a million convicts ever get," as Ed Henson of the federal Bureau of Prisons put it. Not only was Abbott suddenly free—a condition he had once likened to "a free man's dreams of heaven"—he was also a celebrity, invited to literary parties and interviewed on *Good Morning America*. His work would be hailed in the New York *Times Book Review* as an "awesome, brilliant, perversely ingenuous . . . articulation of penal nightmare." Says Henson: "He had everything a man needs to start a life outside." Then a new nightmare intervened.

Abbott was staying at a Salvation Army halfway house in Lower Manhattan until his parole became official on Aug. 25. He was required to check in seven times a day, but otherwise was free to enjoy the city. He was doing just that on early Saturday morning, July 18, in the company of two attractive, well-educated young women he had met at a party. At 5:30 they stopped at the Bini-Bon Restaurant near the halfway house; it is a threadbare bohemian place, open 24 hours. Behind the counter was Richard Adan, 22, an aspiring actor and playwright who worked the graveyard shift in the café, which is owned by his father-in-law Henry Howard. Adan took the "toughest duty," explains Howard, "because he was interested in people. Some curious types come in after midnight."

Abbott asked Adan the direction to the men's room and was told it was for the help only. Abbott calmly asked if he could use it anyway. Adan told him it was against health rules; if opened to the public, it would not remain clean. Could this have touched the consuming rage Abbott had written about? He quietly asked Adan to step outside to "talk this over." The younger man agreed. Around the dark street corner, a knife appeared. Adan was stabbed in the chest, in almost exactly the way that Abbott had described in his book.

As Adan staggered toward the restaurant, Abbott ran in and told his two friends, "Come on." Minutes after they left, the police arrived. No charges have been filed, but Abbott is wanted for questioning in the murder. Federal authorities have a warrant out to arrest him as a fugitive, should he leave New York State.

"What happened?" asked Scott Meredith, who is both Mailer's and Abbott's literary agent. "Every conversation I had with Jack, we talked about the future. Everything was ahead of him." John Dockendorff, director of the halfway house, was "absolutely baffled how Jack got the knife and how he hid it." Abbott had been "cooperative" and had even appeared for one of the attendance checks after the murder, before vanishing into the streets.

Others glimpsed the handwriting on the prison walls. Erroll McDonald, Abbott's editor at Random House and one of his guides in the complexities of free life —how to order from a menu, where to buy toothpaste—noticed the ex-convict's tendency to "interpret indifference as rudeness." Novelist Jerzy Kosinski, who had had his own correspondence with Abbott since 1973, said, "Looking at him, I had the feeling there could be uncontrollable anger one moment and a very easy embrace the next." Finally, anyone who read his work noticed, as Kosinski did, that "he wrote in such a sheer rage that I could feel his letter burning in my hand."

Kosinski faults himself and Abbott's other literary friends. "We pretended he had always been a writer. It was a fraud. It was like the '60s, when we embraced the Black Panthers in that moment of radical chic without understanding their experience." There is another analogy from the 1960s, when Conservative Writer William F. Buckley Jr. championed the cause of a literarily gifted convicted killer, Edgar Smith, and helped set him at liberty to attempt murder again. Years later, Buckley acknowledged in an article how easily conned and naive he had been. Mailer, whose writings attest to his fascination with outlaws, has made only one comment on the Abbott affair: "A tragic situation all around." —*By Claudia Wallis. Reported by Dean Brelis/New York*

Ex-Convict Jack Abbott at liberty in New York with his mentor, Norman Mailer

Writing in such a sheer rage that even the letter burned the hand.

COVER STORY

Magic in the Daylight

Prince Charles weds his Lady Diana in the century's grandest royal match

"Charles who?" asked the singer, forgetting for the moment the Prince's warm admiration of her top notes. Her agent hastily explained, his client hastily accepted, and this week, Kiri Te Kanawa, originally from New Zealand and lately of the Royal Opera, will let her shimmering soprano loose on a three-minute anthem by Handel. She will be accompanied by a trumpet soloist and 95 other musicians drawn from three orchestras in which the bridegroom has taken a particular interest.

Barring an act of God, the Irish Republican Army, the nation's unemployed or any combination thereof, Te Kanawa's audience will include one happy couple, 26 prominent clerics, a carefully vetted congregation of 2,500 crowding each other for pew space under the great painted dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, more than 75 technicians manning 21 cameras, and an estimated worldwide television audience of 750 million. They will be tuning in the century's greatest, grandest nuptial, the sort of love story Hollywood doesn't make any more and the kind of spectacle it can't even afford any more.

In plan and in prospect, the marrying of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, 32, to Lady Diana Spencer, 20, the well-born and distinctively dishy commoner, is a fairy tale of present pomp and past glory, a last page from the tattered book of empire with the gold leaf still intact. It is by Rudyard Kipling out of Walter Bagehot, a ceremony intended to refurbish and reaffirm tradition. "The monarchy's mystery," Bagehot wrote in 1867, "is its life. We must not let in daylight upon magic." This wedding on the cusp of high noon, in front of a world short on ritual and parched for romance, is in fact one grand pass of the royal wand, a masterly and pricey piece of prestidigitation in which, at once, the old values are upheld, the future is assured and everyone can be queen for a day.

Some of these values and traditions have played false—indeed, may have betrayed—those of Her Majesty's subjects who, out of rage and frustration, have been rioting in the streets, burning cars, looting stores and combatting the police. The month past has seen the worst outbreak of violence in Great Britain in a century, which has cast a long and smoky shadow over this splendid national occasion.

It seems easier for everyone, however, to give three cheers and subsume the flames that came from Brixton and Manchester and Liverpool in the more congenial firelight of the wedding-eve pyrotechnics at Hyde Park and the 101 celebratory bonfires ignited all over the kingdom, from Scotland and Wales to the Shetlands and the Scillys, even to the embattled north of Ireland. "When politics are in rather a mess," remarks Lady Elizabeth Longford, a historian and biographer, "any institution that is above politics gets an extra dose of glamour."

That may not go far among Great Britain's almost 3 million unemployed, but it enhances the monarchy and sustains every monarchist in the realm. Says Robert Lacey, author of *Majesty*, a study of Elizabeth II and the House of Windsor: "The reason the monarchy survives in the 1980s is that, through a combination of luck and also good training, the House of Windsor has continued to produce persons who mirror the national virtues." Adds Politics Professor Richard Rose of Scotland's University of Strathclyde: "There are those who are positive about the monarchy, and those who are lukewarm. There aren't many anti people." Especially now, when the prevailing wedding fever seems to have raised the public temperature way past lukewarm. Indeed, a survey published last week in the liberal *Guardian* showed that a resounding 76% of those polled felt the advantages of the monarchy outweigh its costs (estimated at a yearly $25 million) and that 67% considered that the big bundle being lavished on the wedding was money well spent.

Of course, there were all those revenues from wedding-souvenir sales and the tourist trade to consider, although tourism surprisingly fell a bit short of expectations, with rooms to spare at several major London hotels. An extra $200 million for souvenirs and $440 million more in tourism were expected to augment the national coffers. But in the matter of budget and expense *vs.* value rendered, the Windsors, who are monarchs not only for a nation but for the international media, found themselves up against a conventional show-business maxim: It is only when you bomb out that you're a profligate; if you're a hit, nobody cares how much your show cost.

The Windsors are presiding over one of history's biggest smashes, and against all odds, one of its most enduring. Anyone who thinks for a moment that such show-business comparisons might be crass would do well to consider that, while Britain may not be the most flamboyant nation on earth, it is surely the most theatrical. The pageantry, and indeed the calibrated delirium, of the wedding celebration are the distillation not only of national spirit but of a shared dramatic soul.

Look at London, a city dressed like a vast stage, buses painted with bows, and parks blooming with Charles' royal crest outlined in precisely planted blossoms, 4,500 pots of flowers lining the wedding route. Remember all the designers working in secrecy: the milliners blocking straw and trimming it with quills; Dress Designers David and Elizabeth Emanuel, holed up in their Mayfair workshop like a couple of atomic scientists, working on Lady Diana's wedding gown, plus two or three backup designs in case of a breach in security; the Worshipful Company of Gardeners, one of London's ancient guilds (founded in 1345, thank you), which was given the task of assigning one of its members to concoct the wedding bouquet. Think about Major Julien T. Henwood, 36, of the Mount-

Charles and Diana, who become husband and wife at the high altar of St. Paul's; below, his crest and her sapphire and diamond sparkler

Wheels: Head Cleaner Ernie Long buffs transport for royal couple

Peals: the St. Paul's Bellringers practice for the big day

People

ed Military Police, who, along with four other mounted officers, will lead Lady Diana in her Glass Coach from Clarence House to St. Paul's, and who admits that the whole thing "is a fairly daunting prospect. It would be wrong to say we're not feeling the old butterflies." Or about Designer Bruce Oldfield, turning out dresses for several prominent guests, who dithers: "It's a nightmare. It's great. It's fantastic." Or Kiri Te Kanawa, who says simply that she is "terrified." The frantic pace, the giddy nerves, the spiraling expectation that threatens to run away and never quite does: all of it comes down to one thing. It is an understandable preopening stage fright for what will be, for one day and one day only, the greatest show on earth

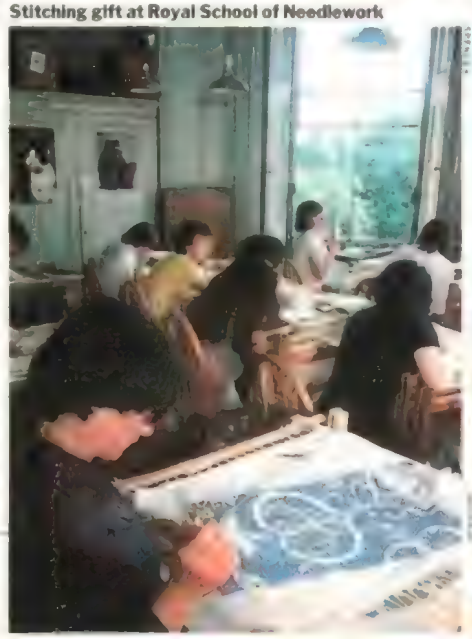
Like all great extravaganzas, the royal wedding requires a producer (the Lord Chamberlain) and a director (Lieut. Colonel John F.D. Johnston, who recently received a knighthood for his organizational skills). It also, of course, has a supporting cast of thousands. Along with the home-grown aristocrats, there are all the invited guests: political (Nancy Reagan); monarchical (Queen Beatrix of The Netherlands, the King and Queen of Sweden, the Duke and Duchess of Liechtenstein); social (Sabrina Guinness, Sir Hugh Casson); and sentimental (Flo Moore, who kept Charles' Cambridge rooms in order; Henry and Cora Sands, who provided Charles with some home-made bread during holidays in Eleuthera; Patrick and Nancy Robertson, an American couple whose son Lady Diana played nanny to in 1979 and 1980). Inevitably there are also a few conspicuous by their absence, like King Juan Carlos of Spain, who was miffed that the Prince and Princess of Wales chose to embark on their honeymoon cruise from Gibraltar, a British colony that the Spanish consider their own

But these are cameos: faces in the crowd. The supporting roles—the backbone of the British repertory system, and one of the many small glories of the British cinema—give flesh, size and human dimension to the sometimes overwhelming scale of the spectacle. Among them

▸ Chief Petty Officer David Avery, 38, of the Royal Navy; brisk, authoritative and more than a little wary. Avery baked the official wedding cake to be served up to 120 guests at the Buckingham Palace wedding "breakfast" (noon to 4 p.m.). The recipe, he says, "is all in my head. It isn't written down anywhere, you understand. No, I will not give you a single detail." Avery and an assistant, Training Officer Lieutenant Motley, journeyed to the palace six weeks ago to give the bride-to-be an approving peek at their design. The batter had gone into the oven a month earlier. "The longer a cake matures, the more it relaxes," Avery says. "If we'd known last year that he was going to get married, we would have baked it last year." Avery hand-picked every cashew, cherry, walnut and currant for the cake in a two-day session code-named "Operation Sultana." He added a little Navy rum ("Just for flavor. You don't want people to get paralytic") and baked the largest layer for 8½ hours. The result, which was stashed behind a locked door at the Royal Navy Cookery School, measured out at 4½ ft. and 224 lbs., 49 of which go for marzipan and ivory white icing

▸ Robert Gooden, 41, owner of Worldwide Butterflies Ltd. and Lullingstone Silk Farm, who projects the somewhat abstract intensity of a man on a perpetual hunt for the perfect specimen. Lullingstone provided the silk for Lady Diana's wedding dress. Nestled in the rolling hills of Dorset, hard by Gooden's mansion, it is the only silk farm in England. Its worms, which dine on mulberry leaves, have provided silk for the wedding dress of Queen Elizabeth and for the cloak Charles wore when he was invested as Prince of Wales. Started by Lady Hart Dyke in the

Stitching gift at Royal School of Needlework



The designing Emanuels near St. Paul's

Silk: Gooden shows a sample of gossamer used for the bridal gown

Cinderella: the Glass Coach that gets her to the church on time

1930s with encouragement from Queen Mary. Lullingstone almost went under when its founder died in 1975. It was then that Gooden, who had been doing rather well with his butterfly company and who had reeled and woven silk as a boy, stepped in. "My wife and I wanted Lullingstone not only because of our past interest, but because of the royal tradition," he explains. "The royal family set an example of gentility, a way of life none of us could normally aspire to. They have a steadying influence."

▸ Maris Cole, a primary-school teacher from Great Somerford and her husband Hector, 41, who teaches ironworking at a local secondary school. The Coles were chosen to craft the 20-ft.-long hand-wrought iron gates that will stretch across the entrance to Highgrove, the 18th century Georgian mansion of mellow brick near Tetbury, where Charles and Diana will set up housekeeping. Maris—"the artist in the family," according to Hector—sketched the classic design, which is to be executed by her husband. "We toiled for many hours in our study," Maris admits. "Our biggest problem was trying to decide what Prince Charles would like. We finally decided that in our humble opinion something fairly simple would be O.K." Tetbury residents are paying the $5,000 cost of the gates by taking up a collection and selling a commemorative envelope of the wedding day, a scheme launched by a local insurance man, Jeremy Gahagan. "The business is booming," he reports. "Often when they come in, they also ask me for a quote on car or life insurance."

▸ Major Michael Parker, 33, an antiques dealer and reserve officer, who says lightly: "I like burning things. I am a pyromaniac." Parker is the man directly in charge of what he says will be "the largest firework display in 250 years," a figure that roughly but deliberately recalls the pyrotechnic extravagance that celebrated the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1749. It was for that occasion that Handel composed his *Music for the Royal Fireworks*, which will also accompany the meteor shower of bombshells, flash reports, bombettes, pirouettes, Catherine wheels, *saucissons*, serpents and good old-fashioned detonations over Hyde Park on the wedding eve this week. Parker's field lieutenant is an intense 29-year veteran of Paines Fireworks Co., Roly Harrison, who admits that, when the time comes for ignition, the entire display is "essentially a one-man show." He leaves little doubt who that man is. "Roly is like an actor who goes onstage," explains John Deeker of Paines. "He's the one who presses the buttons. If Roly isn't feeling up to snuff, he'll put on a lousy fireworks display. It's a fine art. You have to have an artistic flair for entertaining."

With all that flare in the air, and all the strong support on the ground, it is little wonder that the stars of the show seemed, especially during all the weeks of feverish preparation, to have been virtually swept off the stage. Charles still pressed on with his ceremonial schedule, even taking a side trip to Dartmoor Prison, whose inmates presented him with a ball-and-chain paperweight. Lady Diana showed up in the stands at Wimbledon, looking fetching and diverting spectator attention from the antics of John McEnroe on Centre Court. The two also appeared together in public—at a wedding and a film premiere—and managed to seem at ease, both with themselves and their adoring subjects. Lady Diana's youthful radiance stole the show last week at the Queen's garden party. Allowing an elderly blind guest to feel her engagement ring, she joked: "I'd better not lose this before Wednesday or they won't know who I am." Her outright sensual allure has smartened up her fiancé considerably. Charles, who had previously projected a kind of steady, Urquhart-plaid personality, seemed to pick up some more dash, as if he were beginning to realize rather belatedly what his sporting friends would happily have told him: that he had made a damned lucky catch.

Charles did not always appear to think so; not at first anyway. When he

Official Baker Avery whipping up staples

Royal bouquet makers sprucing up shop window

and Diana posed on the back terrace of Buckingham Palace on their engagement day, he acted as if he had made a wise choice, a becoming choice, but perhaps not a compelling one. "Are you in love?" asked a reporter. His fiancée beamed, blushed and said yes. The Prince's answer: "Whatever love means"—a remark of rather too much objectivity, hinting at even a touch of weariness.

"My impression was that they had scarcely spent very much time together," remarks Anthony Holden, whose biography of the couple, *Their Royal Highnesses: The Prince and Princess of Wales*, was published in England last month. "They hadn't spent as much time as any of us might have done with the person we were going to marry." Off on a five-week tour of Australia and New Zealand, Venezuela and the U.S., the Prince saw his Lady's face on newsstands and TV screens all around him and spoke to her frequently by phone. "It was the ultimate case of 'absence makes the heart grow fonder,' " insists Holden. "He was falling in love with her from a distance, and I think it is quite clear this thing is going to become a genuine love match."

Royal chapeaux: his polo by James Lock . . .

If that is true, one wonders only what took the Prince so long. He was lagging far behind the media and the public, which wasted no time in elevating Lady Diana into a stellar attraction. Movie stars have become princesses before. Never, however, has a Princess looked so much like a movie star; certainly no Queen-to-be has ever done so much for a pair of blue jeans. Lady Diana's seemingly paradoxical quality of patrician funkiness has caught the spirit of a generation that fancies itself a little more romantic than those of the '70s and '60s and acts, at least outwardly, a good deal more conservatively. She is already widely imitated—the hair, the clothes, the ruffled collars —but never duplicated. Certainly the reason is that she is unique, as thousands of desperate Di-clones and all the merchants who minister to them have discovered.

By the early evening of the wedding day, London's D.H Evans should have a copy of the bridal gown in its Oxford Street window. The knock-off is the work of Ellis Bridals, which turns out copies "whenever there is a royal wedding," according to Brenda Ellis, 33, granddaughter of the firm's founders. "We simply reproduce the dress so the public can have it. It's the same thing now."

Well, not quite. The Ellis cutters and sewers will be making use of new technology: a video-tape machine with a pause button. "When we get a good picture of Lady Di," Ellis says, "we can freeze it." Ellis reports that 200 of the copies have been ordered so far. "Every shop in England that has a royal window wants one."

Taking careful note of all the duplication and trend setting, a Major Ralph Rochester of Malt Field, Devon, dispatched a letter to the *Times* of London. "Sir," he wrote, "I have observed of late numerous girls who are taking pains to look like Lady Diana; but of the boys I have observed, none is making the least effort to look like the Prince of Wales. How should this be?" One reason may be that the Prince steers clear of trends. His suits are made by Johns & Pegg, Ltd., exclusively military tailors until World War II, which made the naval ceremonial day coat in which the Prince will approach the altar. "We keep up with fashion, but we don't lead fashion," says Peter Johns. Charles' shirts come from the top-drawer Turnbull & Asser; the palace thriftily returns them now and again to have the collars replaced.

If the Prince has picked up a little pizazz by association with Lady Diana, she has assumed the beginnings of a royal aspect. Even though she chose to have "obey" deleted from the marriage service, she has not yet dealt successfully with the problem of monarchical chapeaux. Women of the royal family are all encouraged and expected to wear hats for formal occasions. Lady Diana's early efforts to comply with this code have resulted in a couple of wowzers, including one that looked as if the mother ship from *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* had made a forced landing on her noggin. Under such circumstances, photos sometimes catch fleeting moments when a kind of uncertainty, even a suggestion of strain, seems to flicker across her face. Royals do have a peculiar knack for looking out of it, and when Charles drove off from Ascot in his dark blue Aston Martin with Diana at his side, both had the slightly dazed look of a couple who had just scored big on *Let's Make a Deal*.

After a polo match, Charles shares a laugh with Lady Diana and a friend

Present pomp, past glory and a bit of dash from a damned lucky catch

It is in the realm of gifts, indeed, where the royal wedding began to look less like a wide-screen spectacular and more like the world's most de-luxe television quiz show. Without undue straining, the voice of a master of ceremonies comes filtering through the imagination, asking the traditional question—"Johnny, tell us what's in the jackpot for this wonderful couple"—and getting, from an agitated announcer who sounds like a tobacco auctioneer just graduated from broadcast school, a far from conventional reply.

"Bob, we've got presents. I'm telling you, from the four corners of the world! From President and Mrs. Reagan in the U.S., a Steuben glass bowl christened 'The Crusaders'! From the village of Doughton, bless 'em all, a sheet-iron weather vane for Highgrove! From the far-off land of Tonga, a bedspread, presented by—I want to get this name right—King Taufa'ahau Tupou IV and his wife, Queen

Mata'aho, and hand-knitted by the Queen herself; let's have a round of applause for them both! From the Sedgemoor district council in Somerset—how about this?—a ton of peat! A nickel-silvered—oh, this is cute—a nickel-silvered mousetrap in a diamanté-jeweled presentation case from West Country Councillor Vernon Gould! One complete bedroom set from Canada! Two additional beds! Three engineering apprenticeships donated by the Greater Manchester Council! Western boots for Charles, Western chaps for Diana, both from Texas and both from Anne Armstrong, the former American ambassador! A herb garden for Highgrove from the Cranleigh Group of Women's Institutes in Surrey! A lace cushion from the Royal School of Needlework! Two cases of specially blended 'C and D' malt whisky from Macallans Distillery! And—wait until you ladies see this—from Geba, in Germany, kitchen furnishings for every culinary pursuit you can imagine, valued at a grand total of $20,000! And, if you think that's something, just take a look at what we've got behind the curtain!"

. . . and her summer straw by John Boyd

What's behind the curtain will be revealed in due diplomatic course—the palace usually makes the official announcement of wedding gifts soon after the ceremony—but one thing is already clear. The royal newlyweds are coming up a little short on the practical end. "Actually," confessed a palace spokesman, "they have not got a thing." There is an abundance of silver bowls and candlesticks, of course. But Charles has joked about camping "on my orange boxes" at Highgrove, and there are those who are taking him at close to his word. Despite an annual income of well over $1 million, it seems that the Prince still lacks certain basics. "Most of the presents received in the past by royalty were never used," remarks H.B. Brooks-Baker of Debrett's Peerage Ltd., publishers of *Debrett's Peerage and Baronetage*. "Contrary to popular belief, the Prince doesn't really have anything at all beyond museum pieces, such as signed pieces of furniture and valuable paintings. He doesn't have breakfast china or a toaster."

To correct this situation, Charles and Diana raised eyebrows by registering a list of wedding gifts at the General Trading Company, a tony London emporium with a royal warrant to supply fancy goods. Gift givers who are bored by silver and feel that the Germans have pretty well swept the kitchen-equipment field can drop by the store and have a look at the list of some 300 desired items, which include omelette and sauté pans, salt and pepper mills in natural wood, dishes for casseroles and soufflés, 24 champagne glasses, 18 highball tumblers, a dark green tablecloth and two shocking-pink lamps. If something slightly more elevated and a little less suburban is required, one might consider the white Crown Staffordshire china cockatoos ($128 the pair). One might also consider real cockatoos, but the palace has slapped a firm injunction on live pets.

Rear Admiral Sir Hugh Janion is the man at the palace in charge of the reception and cataloguing of all gifts, from chaps to cockatoos. Each gift must also be checked out thoroughly by a security specialist to see that it is not a surprise package, just as each old Wren-restored inch of St. Paul's (1710) has been gone over daily by bomb-sniffing dogs. Every foot of the two-mile route from Buckingham Palace to the cathedral has been secured by rooftop marksmen from Scotland Yard and closed-circuit television cameras. Still, the royals will remain achingly vulnerable. The horse-drawn coaches that will conduct them to the ceremony at a stately 8 m.p.h. would be pervious to a strong slingshot. Queen Elizabeth has been adamant in her refusal to take any extra protective precautions, even after an unemployed youth fired six blank shots barely 10 ft. from where she rode during the annual trooping of the color in June.

Security has been tight for weeks—British Airways dispatched 40 of its top investigators with lists of "known terrorists" supplied by Interpol to inform local police the world over. Baggage checks at London airports have been especially meticulous. Many of the foreign dignitaries—more than a dozen Presidents, nine members of reigning royal families, three former sovereigns, fifteen Commonwealth heads of state, twelve governors-general—will be arriving with their own security agents, all of whom are required by British law to hand over their guns. This applies also to the U.S. Secret Service, which will be keeping an eye on Mrs. Reagan. Precautions have become so stringent that London's bobbies, who will be spaced every 6 ft. on both sides of the processional route, have been instructed to turn away when the royals pass, and to watch the crowd.

Despite such safeguards, the event aspires to be a spectacle by DeMille, not a thriller by Hitchcock. There are parties everywhere and tours for every bank account. The celebrators at the office windows above the processional route will have paid Heather Pickering of "Corporate Capers" $390 per person for a prime view and a picnic hamper. They also have to clear computerized police security and wear an ID badge. Gate crashing will be prevented and order maintained by members of Pick-

With plainclothes protection, left, Lady Diana playfully greets a crowd at Broadlands

Wasting no time in elevating the new Princess into a stellar attraction.

ering's Kung Fu club. Near by at the Strand Palace Hotel, arrangements are even more elaborate. The management has turned a conference room and foyer into an indoor equivalent of an English garden, complete with sky, grass, waterfalls and fishpond. Guests, each of whom will be billed $500, will arrive to a blast of trumpets. After they put away a hearty breakfast, they will be conducted to a "royal wedding box"—a room overlooking the Strand, specially decorated and provided with a TV set and a uniformed lackey. At the moment Lady Diana's coach passes, the hotel promises to release a spray of red rose petals and 1,000 doves.

The party of parties before the wedding will be the Queen's ball at the palace, which has a guest list of 5,000. On the wedding evening, with the bride and groom safely off, the Queen just might drop in on Lady Elizabeth Shakerly's rout. Lady Elizabeth discovered that rout is an 18th century term for what lesser mortals might call a blast. "I don't dare do something with caviar and lobster because I can't afford it," the Lady explains. "I am having scrambled eggs and bacon from 7:30 on." She is dishing it up at the ballroom of Claridge's, a location that, unlike the menu, could not have been chosen for reasons of economy.

Possibly a couple of the pedestrians watching Lady Elizabeth's guests disembarking from their Rollses and Daimlers will have wandered into Mayfair courtesy of the special gold, blue and white all-day ticket that London Transport is providing for the wedding day. At a cost of $4, it represents the cheapest tour around. The most expensive seems to be the trip organized by Mrs. Ian Routledge, who, for a fee of $5,000 (exclusive of air fare), will ferry 70 presumptive American socialites from London's St. James' club to stately country homes, where they can hobnob with the elite and perhaps catch a little refracted glory from the wedding.

Celebration plans were a good deal less rarefied out in the country. The Oxfordshire village of Weston-on-the-Green (pop. 300) scheduled an evening barbecue, dancing and lots of games, including at least two that are not recognized by the International Olympic Committee: a pillow fight on a greased pole laid across a swimming pool, and an

Welsh Guards at Trooping of the Color: a position dependent on personal charisma rather than divine right

The Century of the Common Monarch

For a British perspective on the monarchy today, TIME *asked the views of one of that institution's most seasoned, if skeptical observers, whose notable career as a journalist, author and television pundit has been punctuated by stints in government service and as editor of* Punch.

In the somewhat seedy bar of the Exiled Monarchs' Club—always assuming that such a club exists, in Lisbon, say, or Monaco, or even Florida—they must surely be raising a glass this week to drink the health of Prince Charles and his bride, Lady Diana, and marveling how, alone of the larger monarchies, the British model should have survived and be in so flourishing a condition as to be able to mount a royal wedding with all the panache of olden times. It often seems as though our British monarchy, along with our secret intelligence service, represents the only appurtenance of national greatness still extant. And even the intelligence network, it must be admitted, has of late been showing unmistakable signs of decomposition as the moles and countermoles surface and then disappear.

Up to the outbreak of the 1914-18 war, Europe was largely ruled by hereditary monarchies, German kings and princelings providing, as it were, the stud farm that kept the breed going. The ruling monarchs were often kinsmen, brothers and sisters, aunts, uncles and cousins, whose family relationships were a factor in international diplomacy. In those days, Prince Charles might well have found himself leading to the altar, instead of his charming English bride, some outlandish princess whose charms were more dynastic than bodily, and whose English was rudimentary.

By the end of the 1939-45 war, this royal scenario seemed at last to have wound itself up: the kings, if not the captains, had departed, and their courts dispersed, with an occasional sometime highness or excellency making his way to Hollywood in the hope that expertise in matters like ceremonial and uniforms might secure him a job in the studios. As for the members of the surviving dynasties—the Dutch and the Belgians, the Swedes and the Danes—they managed to find a *modus vivendi* largely by effacing themselves: riding bicycles, using public transport, marrying commoners and generally behaving like senior

English variation on the ancient Greek discus throw, in which the hurled object is a rubber Wellington boot.

In Tetbury, Master Thomas Charles Wortley, 5, will entertain local celebrators by re-enacting the wedding with Miss Karen Diana Welch, 9. There will be a wedding cake and toasts to both brides and grooms. Members of the younger set are not quite so cagey with the press as their elders, however, and a friend of the couple confided that Master Wortley thinks Miss Welch "soppy"; Miss Welch, in return, considers her make-believe spouse "an awful brat."

While the Welly is hurled and the tots take the vows, Charles and Diana should have departed the palace breakfast and started, via British Rail, on the first stage of their honeymoon. They will spend their first two days as husband and wife at Broadlands, once the home of Earl Mountbatten of Burma. Ahead, after their two-week Mediterranean cruise aboard the *Britannia*, lie the more serious duties of government and the more exacting chores of their official life together.

Squaring off with the responsibility of setting a strong example is still one of the most important of British royal functions. It comes with the crown; it comes with the territory. Queen Elizabeth seems well aware of her symbolic roles, but she has

Leaving Ascot: a rare glimpse of H.R.H. at the wheel

civil servants rather than anointed kings and queens.

The British monarchy took a different course. Instead of effacement, what befell it was exposure; just as the new Communist states called themselves people's democracies, it became a people's monarchy, with full media support and cooperation. Earlier monarchs, like Louis XIV of France, saw themselves as God's viceroys on earth, deducing therefrom the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and claiming not just to represent, but to be the state—*"L'état c'est moi!"* Today no such claim is feasible; authority cannot be derived from a God who is supposed to have died. So an abstraction, the people, had to serve instead, providing the basis for an ersatz religion, and an even more preposterous claim than Louis XIV's—this time to be the people: *Le peuple c'est moi!*

Thus the 20th century, for Americans the century of the common man, became for the British the century of the common monarch, whose position depended, not on divine right or any other sanctions but on personal charisma. In this connection, it is significant that televising the coronation of our present Queen in 1953 marked the beginning, not just of her reign but of the reign of television. Now she may rest assured that the nuptials of her son and heir will be seen all over the world, attracting more viewers than even Muhammad Ali at the top of his form in the ring.

Despite this universality of interest, it is true, of course, that in terms of power the British monarchy has shrunk drastically from its high point in 1876, when Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India, delivering herself of the opinion that this represented the brightest jewel in her crown. At that time she ruled over something like a quarter of the world; today the realm of her great-great-granddaughter, Queen Elizabeth II, is reduced to one of the two British Isles and a troubled and troublesome corner of the other, along with some vague and dwindling responsibilities in Canada, Australia and New Zealand, formerly known as British dominions. As for the great British Empire on which the sun never set, it has continued to have some sort of ghostly reincarnation in a ramshackle British Commonwealth on which the sun never rises. Lady Diana as Princess of Wales will find, despite the royal yacht *Britannia* and the miscellaneous collection of potentates who attend her wedding, that she is marrying into what has now become a home-based dynasty, even though spirited renderings of *Land of Hope and Glory* continue to be heard, with its special plea that God who has made us mighty will make us mightier yet, and set our bounds wider still and wider. Meanwhile, year by year in the Honors Lists, new knights, commanders, officers and members of a nonexistent British Empire continue to be announced.

Aristocrats and landed gentry, the monarchy's infrastructure, have, rather surprisingly, managed to relate themselves to the new people's establishment and thus find a role for themselves in it. Their stately homes attract an endless procession of visitors, who, at so much a head, spend an hour or so staring at their pictures, admiring their grounds and, if possible, peeping into their living rooms at the crockery and books made notable by having been held in noble hands.

Then there is the House of Lords, which by all the laws of the game should have been abolished long since, but, like the Abbé Sieyès in the French Revolution, has managed to survive, though stripped of most of its powers, in part by receiving a steady inflow of life peers and peeresses. Happily, superannuated trade union bosses, co-op managers and the like, when they find their way into the upper house, look and speak more like lords than most lords do. Also, attendance has been greatly enhanced by the introduction of a per diem, tax-free expense allowance, payable to all lords who turn up, irrespective of whether they have spoken or merely dozed in one of the bars.

If noble lords can be worked into the structure of a people's monarchy, where is its laureate to be found? The official poet laureate, Sir John Betjeman, does his best, but cannot easily switch from his accustomed gentle irony to the suitably adulatory celebration of a royal love match. Here, however, fate has been kind; Lady Diana's stepgrandmother Barbara Cartland has written some 300 successful novels in which the hero and heroine, after some troubled times, marry and live happily ever after. Now 80 and buoyed up by honey and vitamin pills, this estimable lady still turns out several thousand words a day, and altogether seems to be perfectly cast as laureate extraordinary in the century of the common monarch.

In these troubled and changing times, only fortunetellers, Marxists and Jehovah's Witnesses will venture to prognosticate whether Prince Charles and Lady Diana will actually one day mount the throne as King and Queen of England. In the course of 50 years of knockabout journalism, I have seen too many upheavals of one sort and another to feel any certainty about anything or anyone in the decades ahead. Popularity, however seemingly strong and widespread, can evaporate in an afternoon, and institutions that have lasted for centuries disappear overnight. So I can but conclude by simply saying, "God bless the Prince and Princess of Wales." —*By Malcolm Muggeridge*

also demonstrated a keen awareness of the force of her favor, a good working understanding of the subtle political interplay that keeps the British monarchy bobbing just above the breaking edge of parliamentary politics. "It is its capacity as a political deterrent, which is not less effective for being unused, that gives the crown, and the nation's confidence in the person who wears it, their real importance," notes British Constitutional Expert Ronald Butt. Unused, perhaps, but certainly not unfelt. Just recently the Queen let Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher know about her shock and regret over the street violence and, according to a very senior government official, expressed her clear wish that "reconciliation" be the objective that all races and religions should strive to achieve.

Discovering "whatever love means": the royal couple at Balmoral

Charles is expected to continue, and perhaps even slightly increase, his mother's stringent sense of the equilibrium of the monarchy. A few of his subjects are even anxious for him to give it an early start and have begun speculating on the possibility of the Queen's abdicating. As far as the Windsors and those closest to them are concerned, such talk is pure fiction.

"Let's get one thing quite straight," the late Lord Mountbatten said in 1978. "The Queen is not going to abdicate. Everyone would advise her not to, beginning with the Prince of Wales." Last week a source close to the royal family told TIME: "It is a fair assumption that the Queen will continue on the throne for as long as her health permits, and she, with her family's support, feels she has a useful job to do for the state." One member of the immediate family also made it quite clear that Charles will have a long wait—perhaps 20 or 25 years—before he takes the throne.

As the eleven royal coaches roll toward St. Paul's, and an expected 2 million spectators jam the processional route, cheering, shouting, waving flags and banners, the princely bridegroom might still take a fast two-step forward in time, thinking about another occasion on which he will be in such a procession, hearing such cheering. But he will be carrying more years then, and a much graver weight. Better to dwell in the present, when the shadows have been beaten back for a few festive days, and a watching world wants to crown him and his bride with only one wish: Godspeed. —*By Jay Cocks.*

Reported by Bonnie Angelo and Mary Cronin/London

Alone Together, with a Crew of 276

The newlyweds will not be piped aboard the royal yacht *Britannia* —that mark of naval respect is normally accorded only to the Queen. But during the course of the two-week Mediterranean honeymoon cruise, Prince Charles and Lady Diana will be coddled and comforted by every other amenity that the glorious ship has to offer. A seagoing resort, the *Britannia* is outfitted with swimming pool, ballroom, chapel, theater, and a dining room that seats 40. There is a crack crew of 254 Royal Navy sailors (two-thirds of whom sign on for their entire service careers) and 22 officers, including a rear admiral at the helm. In deference to their royal—and romantic—passengers, orders on the upper deck will be executed whenever possible without spoken commands.

Launched in 1953 at John Brown and Co., Ltd., Clydebank, at a cost of $5.9 million, *Britannia* has spent more than her share of time in drydock and hot water. She has required eleven overhauls costing $56 million. Annual running operation now comes to $5.4 million, a sore point in Parliament. In 1976, *Britannia* was refused permission to sail into Montreal for the Summer Olympics until she made costly changes to her sanitary system, which Canadian officials believed would pollute the St. Lawrence River.

All such troubles will seem far behind, however, when she takes to the open water, her hull a glimmering swath of royal blue, red and gold, with the royal coat of arms on the bow and the royal cipher on the stern. The yacht's 12,000-h.p. twin-shaft turbine engines are capable of propelling her 5,769 gross tonnage at a sprightly 21 knots. Her 510-ton fuel capacity can sustain a 2,800-mile voyage without stopover.

Should Charles and Diana feel the urge to strike out on their own for a short spin, *Britannia* carries her own miniflotilla. Included are a 40-ft. barge, two 35-ft. speedboats, a motor cutter, two 16-ft. fast-motor dinghies, two 14-ft. sailing dinghies and a number of lifeboats—one big enough to carry a Land Rover. The yacht's sun deck can double as a landing pad for helicopters and her hold can carry two Rolls-Royces.

Lady in waiting for the honeymoon cruise, the royal yacht *Britannia*

The living quarters feature the English country charm of the main drawing room, with its off-white walls, needlepoint rugs, and chairs covered in floral chintz. Scattered about are such remnants of the British Empire as a golden urn commemorating Nelson's victory at Trafalgar and a set of shark's teeth from the Solomon Islands. Folding doors separate the main drawing room from a comfortable anteroom, creating an open space about the length of a bowling alley.

Britannia's royal suite has undergone one notable change since she last served the royal family for such a voyage. During their 1973 honeymoon cruise, Princess Anne and her husband, Captain Mark Phillips, had to request that the royal suite's twin beds be lashed together. For Charles and Diana, they have been discreetly replaced by a single Queen-size bed.

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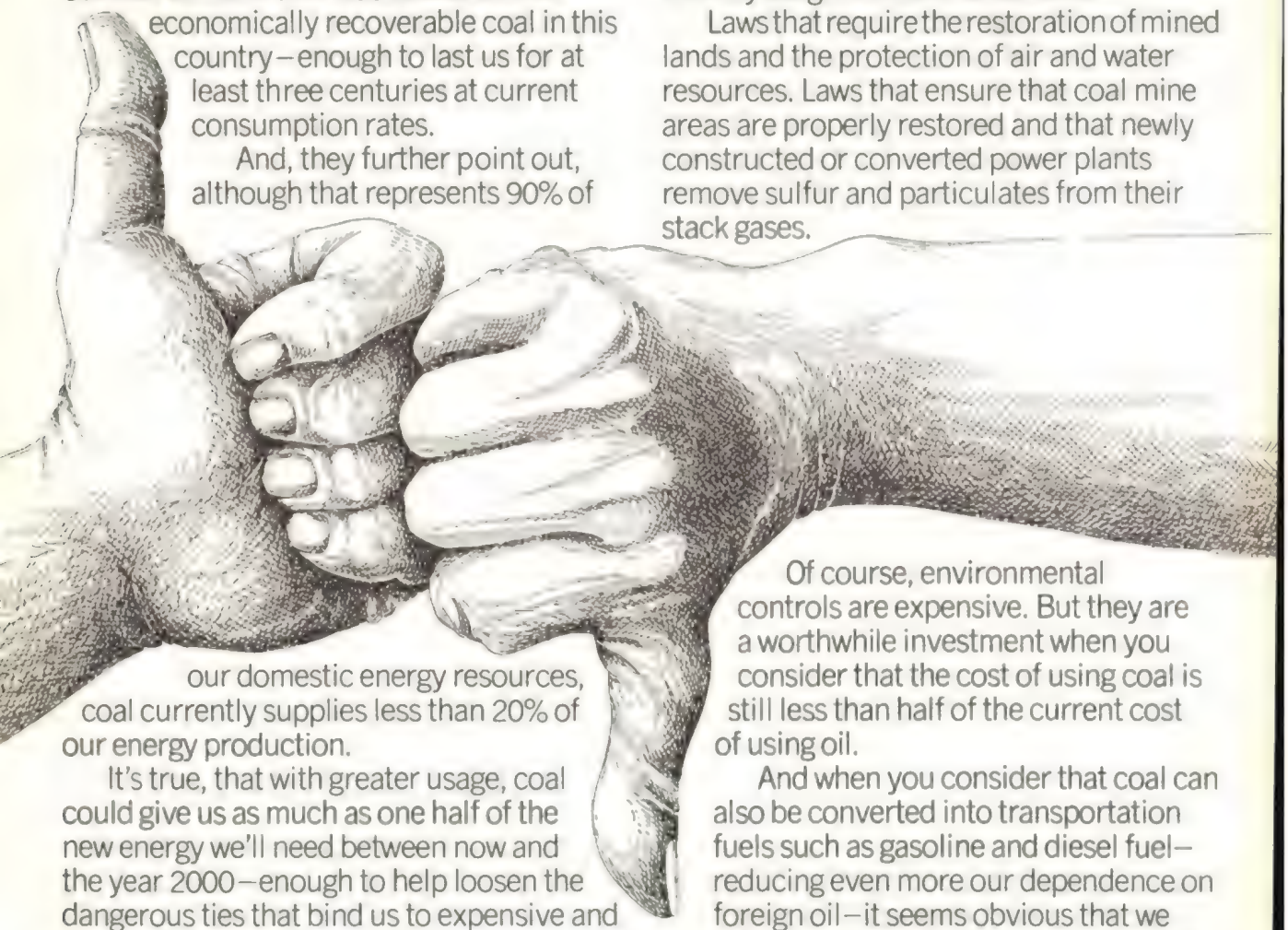

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Behind a mosque still under construction, smoke billows from an oil pipeline in Lebanon hit by Israeli shellfire

MIDDLE EAST

A Precarious Peace

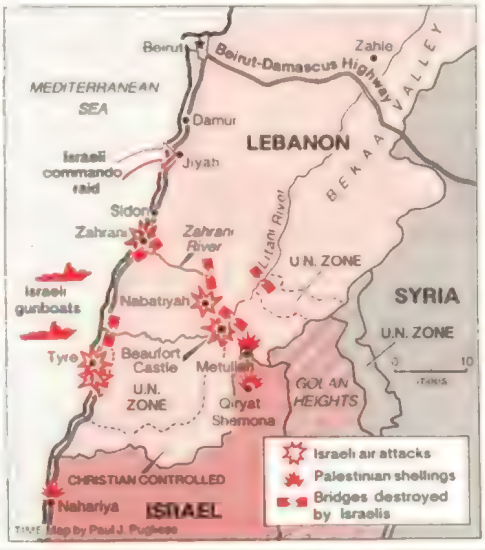
Israel and the P.L.O. agree to a cease-fire, but their dispute remains

All week long, the tension built like a drum roll as the attacks smashed back and forth across the border between Lebanon and Israel. Yasser Arafat, chairman of the Palestine Liberation Organization, called the raids the opening round of an all-out "Israeli-Palestinian war." His soldiers seemed positively elated, as if the exchange of Israeli bombing raids over Lebanon and Palestinian rocket attacks on northern Israel signaled a new phase of the hostilities that the guerrillas had long been waiting for.

On Friday, at the end of a week of thrust and counterthrust across the embattled border, Israeli forces staged a naval raid on Jiyah, 13 miles south of Beirut, and Palestinians responded by sending yet another volley of rocket fire into the settlements of northern Israel. By that time, the 14 days of continuous fighting had become the heaviest between the Israelis and the Palestinians since the Israeli invasion of southern Lebanon in March 1978. The Palestinians and Lebanese had suffered by far the greater number of casualties: some 450 dead and 1,500 wounded, most of them in a bombing raid on Beirut, compared with six dead and 66 wounded on the Israeli side.

And then, at week's end, President Reagan's special envoy Philip Habib suddenly announced in Jerusalem that a cease-fire had been established. Emerging from a talk with Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin, Habib read a message from a scrap of paper: "I have reported to President Reagan that as of 13:30 hours local time, July 24, 1981, all hostile military action between Lebanese and Israeli territory, in either direction, will cease." Begin then followed with a comment of his own: "The government of Israel endorses the statement just made by Mr. Habib, the emissary of the President of the United States."

The vicious little war had ended, at least for the moment, although one radical Palestinian faction refused to observe the cease-fire. But even if the shelling and bombing had been halted, for the most part, the issues remained that could cause fighting again and again until Israel and the Palestinians come to terms. The most alarming aspect of the hostilities was the way the Israelis had plunged ahead with the fighting, heedlessly bombing targets in densely populated areas in Beirut. Throughout the Western world, some of Israel's staunchest friends and supporters —in European governments, in the U.S. Congress, and even within the American Jewish community—criticized Israel's role in the latest round of fighting. The essential questions were posed by Charles Percy, Republican chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee: "At what point does [Israel's] pre-emptive strategy undo all our efforts toward peace? At what point does the pre-emptive strategy weaken Israel's political and diplomatic position in the world?"



The Israeli attacks, which employed American-built equipment bought on favorable terms set down by the U.S. Congress, raised suspicion in the Arab states that Washington condoned the raids. That view already has damaged U.S. relations with the Islamic world. Top U.S. officials criticized Begin, and President Reagan was forced to take some action to show his displeasure. At the summit conference in Montebello, Canada, he reluctantly ordered a further postponement in the delivery of ten advanced F-16 jet fighters to Israel.

In military terms, the gesture was little more than a slap on the wrist. But it also served as a warning by the Reagan Administration that Israel's Begin could not afford to ignore com-

pletely Washington's sentiments on such matters of war and peace, which are vital not just to the Middle East but, in that volatile and oil-rich area, to the world at large. The latest round of fighting also raised two important issues: What kind of controls can the U.S. reasonably ask of its tough and independent ally? And how can the U.S. press the Israelis on toward the next step in the Camp David peace process, solving the basic problem in the area, that of establishing some form of autonomy for the Palestinians?

Initially, Western diplomats in the Middle East had been unsure of the reasons behind Begin's repeated thrusts into Lebanon. As days passed, however, it became clear that the Israelis were worried about the heavy weaponry that has lately been reaching the P.L.O., mostly from Libya via Syria —artillery, tanks and sophisticated antiaircraft guns. Said a Begin aide: "Artillery and armor are not the attributes of guerrilla groups, but of a real army."

Furthermore, there was speculation in Lebanon that Libya or Syria might soon supply the Palestinians with Soviet-made Scud or Frog surface-to-surface missiles, which have a maximum range of between 37 and 167 miles. Launched from southern Lebanon, these missiles could easily reach the northern Israeli port city of Haifa. Indeed, there were reports in Beirut last week that the P.L.O. was considering the bombardment of a major Israeli city as a strategic objective.

All this, coupled with their irritation over the continuing rocket attacks on their northern settlements, led the Israelis to strike at Palestinian positions in southern Lebanon, particularly in the region between the Zahrani and Litani rivers. Some Israeli Cabinet ministers are said to have favored an all-out ground operation in Lebanon. For once, Begin was less militant than some of his Cabinet. Perhaps because of Israel's rising difficulties with Washington and with world opinion in general, Begin opposed a major invasion of southern Lebanon.

But the attacks that Begin and the Cabinet authorized were fierce enough. If any one factor turned world opinion against Israel—and thus perhaps hastened the cease-fire—it was the air raid on Beirut, On July 17, aiming at Palestinian guerrilla offices in a crowded neighborhood, Israeli warplanes killed some 300 Lebanese and Palestinians and wounded another 800. Even many of Begin's own countrymen, especially those from the Western-oriented Ashkenazi community, were shocked. Former Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin declared that the Palestinian command posts and offices had been in Beirut for years but that, because of the political price involved, previous governments had felt that Israel could derive little benefit from attempting to destroy them. Said Rabin: "Israel used to have the moral right on its side, and in the methods it used to defend itself."

Habib, left, with Begin, announces the agreement in Jerusalem

Throughout Western Europe, Begin's reputation fell to an all-time low. Lord Carrington, the British Foreign Secretary, called in the Israeli Ambassador to warn him that pre-emptive strikes, "with their horrible trail of human destruction, cannot conceivably advance the cause of peace." In Paris and Bonn, top officials were equally scathing in private.

In the U.S. Congress, a number of Israel's traditional friends and supporters were disturbed over recent developments. Four Republican Senators called on the Administration to withhold indefinitely deliveries of the F-16s as a sign of Washington's displeasure over the bombings. Declared Democratic Senator Paul Tsongas of Massachusetts: "We have got to start distinguishing between Begin and Israel. The real trouble is the way Begin is eroding our general support for Israel. There is now in Congress a clear, widespread and deep-rooted unhappiness with Begin."

Israel's Ambassador to Washington, Ephraim Evron, managed to quiet the fears of most of the 34 Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations to whom he talked in New York City at midweek, but many prominent American Jews remained troubled. California Industrialist Max Palevsky called the Beirut raid "appalling," and added, "Begin's terrorism is as bad as that of the P.L.O. We just can't tolerate that kind of behavior from anybody." Said Meyer Berger, a Pittsburgh businessman and a member of the national board of the American Jewish Committee: "Never has the anti-Begin sentiment been as strong as it is right now among the American-Jewish community. And Begin is making it tough on Reagan, who wants to help."

Indeed, Reagan had put the matter exactly that way. Speaking privately to advisers a few days earlier, the President had remarked, "He sure makes it hard for us to help him, doesn't he?"

The immediate dilemma was what to do about the ten F-16 jet fighters due to be shipped to Israel. At the beginning of the week, Reagan and his top aides flew to the summit in Canada with the matter still undecided. There they learned of an Israeli commando raid in Lebanon. That seemed to settle it. The following evening, Secretary of State Alexander Haig told reporters, "The President has decided to defer the shipment of F-16s to Israel. This matter remains under review."

Early in the week, Reagan and Haig learned for the first time that Habib had a genuine chance of achieving a cease-fire. One day Habib spent a total of six hours with Begin, interrupted by a Cabinet meeting at which the ministers discussed what they should do. At times, the talks between Begin and Habib seemed to ramble, but not without purpose. One Israeli official recalls how Begin would talk about his childhood in Poland, and Habib would tell what it was like to grow up Lebanese in a Jewish neighborhood in Brooklyn. Says the Israeli: "If you didn't know what they were really talking about, they'd sound like two grandfathers sitting on a park bench together. But every anecdote had a special meaning in the context of the negotiations."

Habib delivered a request from Reagan that the Israelis

Israelis at funeral of a youth killed by a rocket at Qiryat Shemona

Ignoring warnings and pleas from the U.S. and other friends.

consent to a cease-fire with the Palestinians. For the Israelis, that implied a willingness to recognize the P.L.O. as a negotiating entity, and this they would not do. So Habib announced that he was proceeding with his mission "to secure a cease-fire along the Israeli-Lebanese border." In the meantime, the United Nations had been making progress in discussions with the P.L.O., and the Reagan Administration had been quietly working through U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim to persuade the P.L.O. to cooperate after the Security Council called for a cease-fire.

Rescuers carry the body of Lebanese civilian killed in bombing of a bridge

"There is now in Congress a deep-rooted unhappiness with Begin."

To find ways of putting pressure on the P.L.O., Habib went to Saudi Arabia, where the Saudis turned out to be anxious to play a part in reaching a settlement. Says one senior White House aide: "Saudi Arabia's role has been significant and constructive since the beginning of the Habib mission. The Saudis have understood what has been needed." Translation: the Saudis leaned on their client, the P.L.O., which they have been bankrolling. In comparison, the U.S. seemingly did not try to force the Israelis to go along. Haig has often said that strong-arm tactics only alienate allies. Moreover, Haig and Reagan were the two members of the Administration most sympathetic to Begin. Says one top White House aide: "The President still appreciates Begin's pluck, despite all the difficulties he has caused."

Habib, who was reporting daily to Haig, told Washington in midweek that a cease-fire, by whatever name, was a likelihood. That was the day, as it happened, that Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger attacked Begin for failing to show any "moderation," and Deputy Secretary of State William Clark told reporters that Begin had caused "disappointment and some embarrassment" to the Administration by ordering the raid on Beirut.

It turned out that neither Weinberger nor Clark had seen the restricted cables from Habib describing the cease-fire as imminent. Haig and Reagan feared that the criticism might offend Begin, but they did not themselves want to contradict Weinberger or Clark openly. So White House Chief of Staff James Baker was sent out to have breakfast with reporters and say that the attacks on Begin did not represent the Administration's views.

By that time, the agreement, severely limited in scope, had nearly been hammered out. The deal said nothing about reducing tensions in Lebanon, let alone solving the more fundamental problem of Palestinian autonomy. The P.L.O. did not pull back any of its weapons that had been hitting Israel, and the Israelis insisted on continuing their reconnaissance flights over Lebanon.

The P.L.O. went along with the Habib plan, in part because it could use a rest after two weeks of fighting. Perhaps more important, the P.L.O., by acceding to a U.N. resolution, gained the prestige of playing a role on the world stage. The U.N. had dealt directly with the P.L.O., not through an intermediary. As for the Israelis, the cease-fire eased the pressure they were feeling because of the Beirut air raid, paved the way for an early resumption of delivery of the F-16s, and stopped the rocket attacks on their villages.

Those veterans of the Camp David accords, Egypt's President Anwar Sadat and Israel's Begin, are both due to visit Washington shortly, Sadat in August and Begin in September. Sadat is said to feel "disappointed and betrayed" by the Israeli raids in Lebanon, but is unlikely to speak out openly against Begin. For one thing, he is determined to retrieve the last portion of the Sinai, which the Israelis are set to hand back to the Egyptians next April, and will do nothing to give the Israelis an excuse for delaying their departure. But, more than that, Sadat has pinned his reputation on the hope of the Camp David accords, and has not yet given up on either Israel or the U.S. The unfinished business still facing the three partners in those accords remains the most difficult step of all: an autonomy agreement concerning the rights and status of the 1.2 million Palestinians of the West Bank and Gaza. *—By William E. Smith. Reported by David Aikman/Jerusalem and William Stewart/Beirut*

The Trust Builder

The secret of his success, says former U.S. Diplomat Averell Harriman, is his special gift of understanding "the other man's point of view," thereby gaining the precious element of trust. No talent is more vital in the Middle East, and Philip Charles Habib, 61, has so far used it impressively during his eleven-week mission. Says one Israeli admirer: "If he hears the word no, he pretends he hasn't heard it."

Habib, the tough, salty son of a Lebanese grocer in Brooklyn, entered the Foreign Service in 1949 and three years later earned a Ph.D in economics from the University of California at Berkeley. He subsequently took on tough assignments in South Korea (1962-65) and as top deputy in the embassy in Saigon (1965-67).

Habib's combination of patience, discretion, endurance and shrewd calculation flowered in 1968, when he was appointed No. 3 man at the frustrating Paris peace talks between the U.S. and North Viet Nam, where Harriman was chief negotiator. Cyrus Vance, Habib's immediate superior and later Secretary of State, recalls Habib's meticulous all-night preparations of U.S. positions. The observant diplomat once advised his American colleagues to look under the bargaining table while dealing with the impassive North Vietnamese, since "you can tell when they're unsure of themselves by the way they cross and uncross their feet."

Habib headed the U.S. peace delegation from 1969 to 1971, then took over for three years as a highly popular Ambassador to South Korea. Later, back in Washington, Habib worked closely with former Secretary of State Henry Kissinger on his many Middle East shuttles.

"If you are working 9 to 5 and if your wife is contented," Habib once said, "you are not doing your job." A certified workaholic (albeit happily married for 38 years, with two daughters, 29 and 26), Habib finally suffered a series of four heart attacks, which led to his early retirement in 1979.

As it turned out, that is when his troubleshooting jobs really began. That year he served as special adviser to Cyrus Vance, vainly seeking a permanent solution to the civil war in Lebanon. And in May, hunting for the right man for what looked like a thankless job, Secretary of State Alexander Haig personally chose him to try to ease tensions in the Middle East. The results were on display last week.

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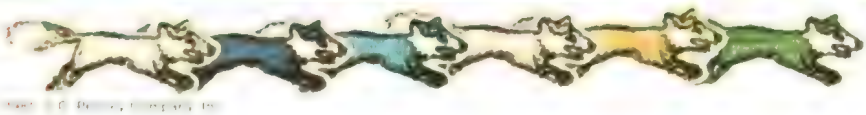

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POLAND

Now the Real Challenge

Despite reforms, Warsaw's congress ducks some tough problems

When all the debates had ended and the last votes were counted, Stanislaw Kania had a sobering thought for the delegates to the Ninth Extraordinary Congress of the Polish Communist Party. Unless they could now move from words to actions, warned the newly re-elected party leader in a tough closing speech, "history might brand us as those who talked Poland to death."

At first, this might seem like a strange thing to tell an assembly that had just completed the most remarkable—and democratic—party congress in the history of the Communist bloc. Not only did the 1,955 delegates carry out a sweeping purge of a discredited bureaucracy, but they also adopted the unprecedented method of secret-ballot party elections with multiple candidacies and rewrote their statutes to increase the leadership's responsibility to the rank and file. As one of its last acts, the congress limited its top officials to two terms, or a maximum of ten years, a restriction unique in the Soviet bloc.

Yet for all its astonishing innovations, the seven-day congress that ended in Warsaw last week may ultimately be remembered less for what it did than for what it did not do: draft a concrete program for solving the country's awesome problems, including by far the most important, an economy that is tottering on the verge of total collapse. As Kania warned his comrades, "Outside the doors of this hall, we will face hard reality."

Premier Wojciech Jaruzelski, a Soviet-trained army general, had somberly described that reality the day before the congress adjourned. Clad as usual in full military uniform, standing ramrod-straight at the lectern, he read out a grim check list of Poland's woes: increasing consumer shortages, falling production, a crushing foreign debt, renewed strike threats. Alluding to possible unrest, and citing the party's "trust in the army," the general turned politician implied a willingness to suppress future disorders with military force.

Jaruzelski's tough talk may have been intended to mollify a jittery Kremlin as much as to admonish his own countrymen. Indeed, one of the main goals of the congress was to persuade the Soviet Union not to intervene in Poland to seize control of the faltering government. Moscow, for its part, seemed to be taking a wait-and-see attitude toward the Polish liberalizations that it had tried, and failed, to discourage. After sending Kania a terse congratulatory telegram upon his re-election, omitting the customary expression of confidence, Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev cabled somewhat warmer greetings to Warsaw's leaders as the Poles celebrated their national day last week. The message declared the Polish party "undoubtedly capable of rallying all the working people and stirring them to a resolute rebuff to anarchy and counterrevolution."

Moscow's ambiguity and confusion are understandable: the Polish party leadership has passed into the hands of a new and largely unknown group that lacks experience. Fewer than 10% of the members of the outgoing Central Committee, the party's main administrative unit, were re-elected to the expanded 200-seat body. Though the moderate Kania kept his post as party leader, only four incumbent Politburo members remained in the new 15-member Politburo.

The survivors: Kania and Jaruzelski manage to grin though troubles loom ahead

"History might brand us as those who talked Poland to death," warned the party leader

Most of the incoming Politburo members appear to share Kania's centrist position. Two important exceptions: Interior Minister Miroslaw Milewski and Construction Worker Albin Siwak, both conservatives. They are expected to ally with the old Politburo's one surviving hardliner, Stefan Olszowski, to resist further political reforms.

As the country's restructured leadership emerged from the congress, it narrowly averted a dangerous test of strength with the unions. Expressing concern over the country's "difficult economic situation," Solidarity leaders last week called off a threatened strike by 40,000 dockers after reaching a compromise agreement with the government that gave the workers some improved benefits but no wage increases. Another threatened walkout by employees of the LOT national airline, who demand the right to name their own director, was suspended following a personal appeal from Premier Jaruzelski.

If labor troubles simmer down, the Jaruzelski government will have a chance to complete its long-awaited economic reform blueprint. A foreshadowing of the plan came three days after the end of the congress, when the head of the government's price commission announced a series of proposed price hikes that would triple most food bills. Bread, for example, would jump from 21¢ to 64¢ a loaf. Simultaneously, the government will not be raising wages. The squeeze could turn out to be intolerable—and create even more unrest than before—although low- and middle-income Poles would be partially shielded from these increases by state subsidies. At the same time, the government announced a 20% cut in meat rations.

In Zurich, meanwhile, representatives of Western and Japanese banks agreed on a proposed plan to postpone payment of some $3 billion in Polish debts falling due this year, part of the staggering total of $27 billion that Warsaw owes to non-Communist banks and governments. A Polish government delegation concurred in "the spirit" of the proposal, whose exact terms were not disclosed, but will not give its reply until next month.

Whatever form it takes, Warsaw's economic program will ultimately depend on the cooperation of Solidarity's 10 million members. Solidarity Leader Lech Walesa admitted last week that price increases were necessary but said they should be accompanied by broad economic reforms. Charges one Solidarity official: "Incredible incompetence in management is the problem." Despite the party congress, Poland's problems are clearly far from solved. —*By Thomas A. Sancton. Reported by Richard Hornik/Warsaw*

CHINA

Leaning Toward the Mainland

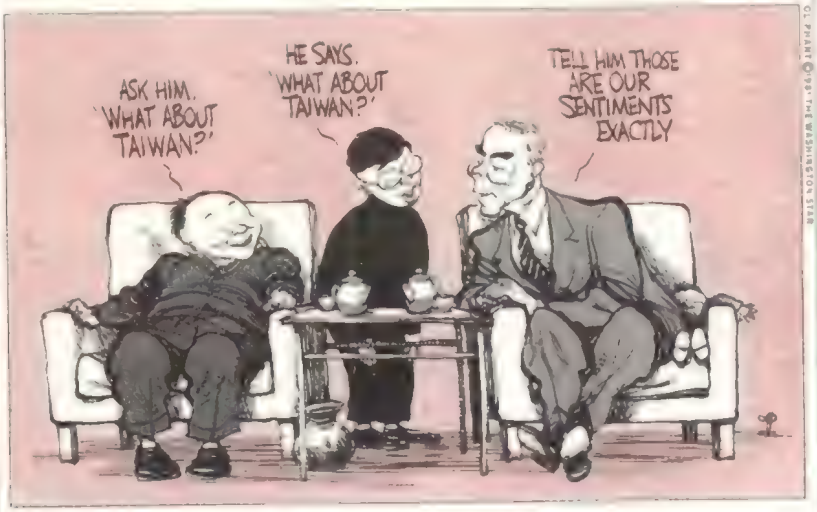
Quietly, the U.S. is favoring China over Taiwan

"One billion Chinese people are not to be bullied." With that harsh rejoinder, Peking's official New China News Agency recently went out of its way to lambast a *Wall Street Journal* editorial that called on the Reagan Administration to "stop cringing every time Peking throws a tantrum," and give more help to Taiwan. Some Americans, an article by the New China News Agency said, believe that China is "a piece of cake to be sliced as they please."

That is hardly the case. Successive Washington Administrations have performed a difficult and delicate diplomatic balancing act adhering to the "one China" policy laid out in the 1972 Shanghai agreement between Washington and Peking without offending either the mainland Chinese or the people of Taiwan. In that communiqué, and in the later normalization agreement of 1978 between the U.S. and China, both countries agreed that Taiwan was technically part of China. But the U.S. did not want to abandon its old allies on the island. Under the Taiwan Relations Act of 1979, Washington agreed to promote commercial and cultural relations with Taiwan and to provide it with defensive arms.

Until recently, Peking has seemed to be reasonably understanding of the necessarily ambivalent U.S. position. Just last year, for example, the Carter Administration authorized the sale of more than $500 million in American arms to Taiwan. Peking said very little then, but the strident language emanating from the Chinese these days marks a significant change in attitude. Before Secretary of State Alexander Haig's visit to Peking in June, the Chinese issued a series of warnings, each blunter than the one before, expressing opposition to American arms sales to Taiwan. The outcry culminated in a front-page declaration by the *People's Daily*, saying that "if the U.S. sells arms to Taiwan again, China will inevitably make a strong response."

Peking apparently remembered that Ronald Reagan had expressed his support of Taiwan during his presidential campaign and pledged, if elected, to upgrade U.S. relations with Taipei. During his visit to Peking, Haig sought to reassure the Chinese leadership that the U.S. had not in fact changed its position. Even before Haig had left Peking, President Reagan undercut him by telling a press conference: "I have not changed my feelings about Taiwan." The Chinese were upset enough to collar Haig at the airport, minutes before his scheduled departure, and upbraid him for the President's remarks. Since then, the attacks on Washington's Taiwan policy have grown steadily harsher.



Both Peking and Taipei have apparently concluded that the Reagan Administration is at odds with itself over its China policy. In fact, despite Reagan's campaign pledges and some recent State Department talk of more "frequent" and "cordial" contacts with Taiwan representatives, Administration officials insist the Reagan rapprochement with Taiwan is more form than substance. To underscore the fact that U.S. policy is decidedly pro-Peking, Haig has even reminded his staff that meetings with Taiwan's representatives are not to take place in U.S. Government buildings. Moreover, Washington has decided that there will be no recognition of Taiwan and no move to give any kind of official status to its representatives. The decision to sell Taiwan some FX fighters has been deferred. So has the Taiwan request to set up an extra office in Boston for consular business.

Why, then, is Peking so vehemently criticizing the U.S.? One theory is that the rhetoric reflects a foreign policy debate under way in Peking. Says a Western diplomat in Hong Kong: "Whatever faction in China is on the outs is going to be hawkish on the Taiwan issue." The opposition to Strongman Deng Xiaoping is heavily weighted with military conservative elements that would tend to be tough on the Taiwan issue. Thus, Deng may be trying to placate his critics by also taking a hard line on Taiwan.

Harvard's John K. Fairbank, one of the most highly respected American scholars on China, feels that Deng is trying to bolster his aura of leadership. Says he: "Peking, like all Chinese governments, has a lot of pride. It's got a billion people to govern, and unless it can maintain a prestigious situation, it can't do the job. There'd be hell to pay."

In the view of Chang King-yuh, director of the government-supported Institute of International Relations in Taipei, Peking may also have misread Washington's anti-Soviet rhetoric. Chang believes that Peking harbors an exaggerated view of how much the U.S. needs China as a "strategic asset" in the conflict with the Soviets. Washington, he points out, has made virtually all the concessions on China policy. China has received such benefits as enhanced international prestige and the prospect of buying weapons from the U.S. Peking may believe that further pressure on Washington will bring additional rewards.

Taipei, in more subtle ways, is also doing its best to influence American policy. It has rejected the informal nomination of Thomas Shoesmith, currently U.S. Consul General in Hong Kong, to be head of the American Institute in Taiwan, the unofficial U.S. office on the island. Reason: Taipei wants a diplomat of higher rank and one with closer ties to the White House. The Taiwanese are also circulating word that their relations with Washington are improving, thereby tweaking Peking while trying to nudge Reagan into living up to his campaign pledge to improve relations.

China, say the experts, is genuinely committed to taking control of Taiwan one day. Nobody expects Peking to make a military move on Taiwan: the mainland is too tied down on its southern borders with the Vietnamese and on its northern with the Soviets to launch such an adventure, which would surely rupture its ties with the U.S. Peking's goal, in the judgment of China-watchers, is to weaken Taiwan diplomatically, politically and militarily until it will no longer feel strong enough to rebuff overtures for negotiations. —*By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by Edwin M. Reingold/Peking and Gregory H. Wierzynski/Washington*

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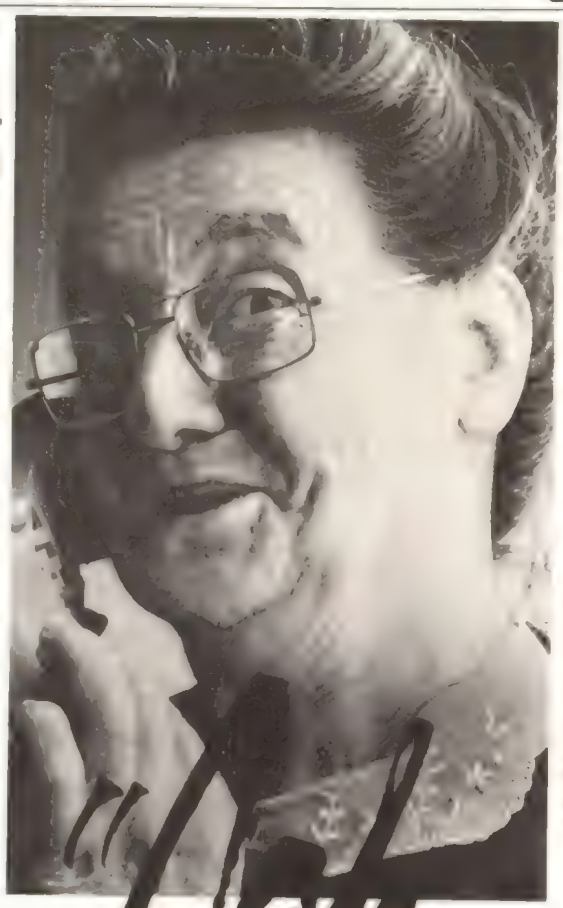

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ITALY

Manic Motives

The Pope's assailant gets life

"A vile man of hate," summed up the public prosecutor. "We peered into his heart for a sign of humanity, even just a hint of repentance, but we found none." With that flourish of loathing, Nicolo Amato asked Rome's Assize Courts last week to condemn Mehmet Ali Agca, 23, to life in prison for shooting Pope John Paul II and two American tourists in St. Peter's Square on May 13. Agca's court-appointed lawyer, Pietro D'Ovidio, made no effort to establish his client's innocence, but tried to get him a lesser sentence by arguing that he was "a religious fanatic with a maniacal obsession and delusion of grandeur." Following seven hours of deliberation, the court gave the laser-eyed Turkish terrorist a lifetime sentence—the maximum under Italian law—and tacked on a concurrent penalty of ten years for other crimes, including gun smuggling and passport forgery. With good behavior, Agca would be eligible for parole in 28 years.

Shielded in court by bulletproof glass, Agca defiantly admitted his crime but threatened to go on a hunger strike unless his case was turned over to the Vatican or an international court. "On May 13, I was in the Vatican when I shot its head of state, and absolutely I do not accept Italian jurisdiction!" he shouted in a high-pitched voice. But Italian police hold jurisdiction over the square in front of St. Peter's. When the court rebuffed his appeal, Agca snubbed the proceedings. "I don't coming," he wrote in broken English. "This is a protest."

The brisk, three-day trial shed little light on Agca's motives. Italian police believe someone financed his travels in Europe, North Africa and the Middle East before the papal assassination attempt. But no firm evidence of a conspiracy has been discovered. Agca told interrogators that "the decision to shoot the Pontiff was mine, and no one asked me to do it." He called himself "an international terrorist, dedicated to helping terrorism of any color, not making a difference between red and black [left or right]." Prosecutor Amato conceded that Agca probably acted alone, committing a "symbolic patricide."

Agca

Meantime, Agca's victim remained in the Gemelli Polyclinic, recovering from a virus infection caused by a blood transfusion after he was wounded. John Paul still faces a second major operation, once he recuperates, on his large intestine. ■

A young member of the Atlacatl Brigade checks the sights on his U.S.-made M-16

EL SALVADOR

Attack from the Right

Businessmen launch a campaign to seize power from the junta

As automatic-rifle fire echoed in the cloud-draped mountains along the El Salvador–Honduras border, U.S.-supplied "Huey" transport helicopters banked low over steep, forested gorges, then deposited heavily armed troops at key locations on the forbidding terrain. According to eyewitnesses, the elite Atlacatl Brigade, some 800 to 1,000 strong, landed near the village of Valladolid, Honduras, violating Honduran airspace and territory as local soldiers looked on impassively. The invaders' mission: to engage leftist Salvadoran guerrilla forces entrenched in pockets along the demilitarized border zone established after El Salvador's four-day war in 1969 with Honduras.

The operation was the first real test for Salvadoran forces trained by a 15-member team of U.S. military advisers sent to El Salvador last March. Armed with U.S.-made M-16 assault rifles and supported by mortars and grenade launchers, the troops fanned out in search of refugee camps that harbored leftist sympathizers, then turned their attention to guerrilla sanctuaries at Arcatao and Los Filos, just across the border in El Salvador.

After a two-month lull in the anti-guerrilla war, the operation clearly demonstrated the government's new military power. But in San Salvador, the moderate junta, led by President José Napoleón Duarte, was having new and serious problems. Right-wing businessmen, long attacked by Duarte as the greatest threat to the junta, were grasping for a share of power in the beleaguered country. Said the President: "The private sector is in its final offensive."

The rightists were encouraged by the "clarification" of U.S. policy toward El Salvador made by Thomas Enders, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, on July 16. Enders declared U.S. support for free elections and asserted that the Salvadoran conflict called for a solution that "must be democratic ... Only a genuinely pluralistic approach can enable a profoundly divided society to live with itself without violent convulsions."

Right-wing politicians concluded that the U.S. would welcome a greater voice in the government by business leaders. Last week they began lashing out at the Christian Democrats, who support Duarte. The right-wingers feel that liberal policies, like extensive land reform, are hurting the faltering economy and bungling the war with the leftist rebels.

The businessmen, who have close ties to military officers displeased with the junta's policies, first clashed openly with the Duarte government over a proposed relaxation of a wage-price freeze. Government officials quashed the plan. Since then, businessmen, frustrated by the lack of international confidence in the Salvadoran economy, have pressed Duarte to moderate his reforms by giving the private sector freer reign. The campaign has had some success. Besides loosening tax and credit requirements, the junta has indefinitely postponed its planned second stage of the land-reform program, which would have converted some 1,500 small farms to peasant cooperatives.

With the March 1983 presidential elections now a priority for U.S. policymakers seeking a political settlement in El Salvador, conservative business leaders are already looking for a candidate to run against Duarte. The man most frequently mentioned is René Fortín Magaña, 49, an attorney and former member of the short-lived "progressive" junta of 1960. That regime was replaced by a series of military governments before the leftist coup in 1979 led to the present junta. ■

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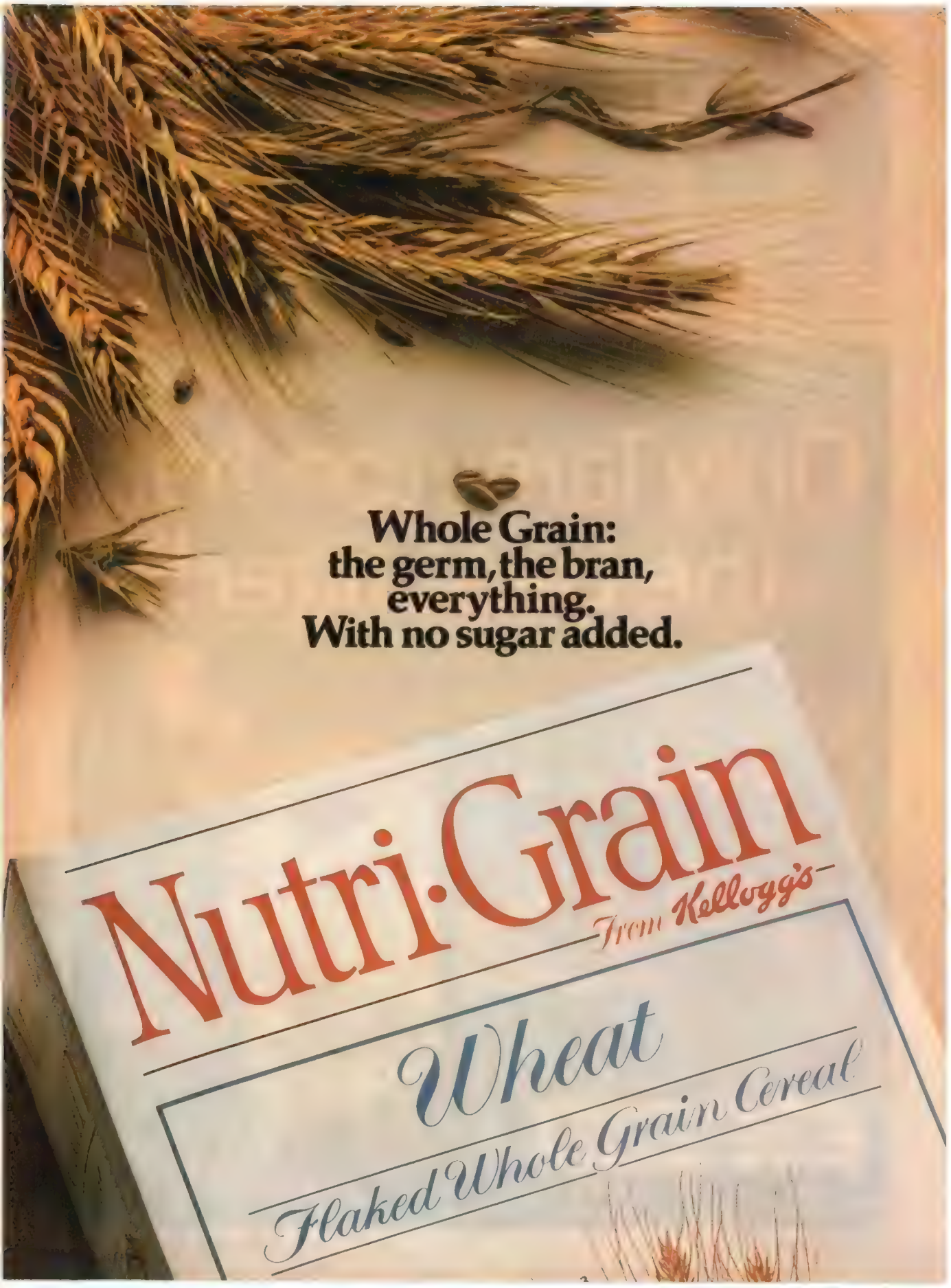
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NORTHERN IRELAND

Disaffection

Hunger strikers lose favor

When he formed his government earlier this month, Prime Minister Garret FitzGerald was bitterly critical of the British government. Reason: Whitehall's unyielding approach to the members of the Irish Republican Army who were conducting hunger strikes in the Maze Prison near Belfast. But last week FitzGerald declared he was much more sympathetic to Whitehall's tactics. That turnabout led the London *Times* to editorialize: "There has been a remarkable improvement in relations between the British and the Irish governments over the past few days."

One reason for the change was Ireland's indignation about the riots that had exploded in Dublin the previous Saturday when 15,000 demonstrators, organized by I.R.A. supporters, marched on the British Embassy. Some 500 of the protesters engaged in pitched battles with the police. In the melee, the fiercest confrontation in the republic since the 1920s, about 200 civilians and policemen were injured, and the damage to property amounted to more than $2 million.

What was more, the hunger strikers contributed to Irish disenchantment last week by scuttling two overtures toward a possible settlement. First, they dismissed a three-man International Red Cross delegation as "pawns of the British." Then they refused a British offer to "clarify" Whitehall's position on possible steps to ameliorate their treatment unless the I.R.A.'s prison representative could attend the talks. The British could not accept this condition, since it might be seen as recognition of the I.R.A. command structure.

There was also opposition last week to a march by some 3,000 supporters of the hunger strikers from Newry to Dublin, 70 miles away. Reported Justice Minister James Mitchell: "We have received thousands of calls and messages and letters about Saturday's proposed march, and 98% of them have called upon us to ban it." Nonetheless, the Irish government decided to let the march go on, while ordering in troops to guard against any possible violence. As it happened, there was none.

Meanwhile, two more young prisoners were at the point of death in the Maze Prison. Kieran Doherty, 25, and Kevin Lynch, 24, who had been convicted of weapons offenses, had both gone more than 60 days without food. Doherty was elected last month to the Irish Parliament, whose membership is open to all Irishmen, north and south. If Doherty and Lynch die, two other I.R.A. prisoners stand ready to join the hunger strikers. But for the time being at least, the British government saw less reason than ever last week to give in to the protests. ■

New Zealanders decry the Springboks

Police grappling with protester in Auckland

NEW ZEALAND

Not for Kicks

Rugby is also political football

Speaking from the pulpit, Father John McAlpine warned the parishioners of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Auckland that many New Zealanders worshiped "a false idol, a leather ball." The priest was referring to the national passion for rugby. The occasion was the New Zealand Rugby Football Union's invitation to the South African Springboks, a world class team whose predominantly white composition (just one black) all too clearly reflects its government's views on racial segregation—and inflames controversy far beyond the realm of sport. Demonstrating against South Africa's policy of apartheid, New Zealanders last week staged their worst civil disorders since the Viet Nam War. A crowd of 3,000 tried to storm Parliament, while others occupied bridges, fought with police, and dumped broken glass on playing fields.

The Springbok tour placed New Zealand's Prime Minister Robert Muldoon, 59, in a tough political dilemma. If he approved the South Africans' visit, he risked censure abroad as well as violent clashes at home between anti-apartheid groups and rugby diehards. But opposing the tour also carried liabilities: Muldoon and his National Party, currently holding just 48 of the 92 seats in Parliament, face an uphill election battle in November; banning the Springboks might well outrage numerous rugby fans among the voters.

Indeed, Muldoon was swept into office in 1975, two years after the Labor government had blocked a Springbok series. Contemplating the prospect of a new tour, Muldoon called it a "disaster" and implored the football union to withdraw the invitation. But when the union's leaders refused, he meekly gave in.

Last Saturday more than 400 New Zealanders broke through a cordon to occupy the rugby field in Hamilton, forcing a Springbok match to be cancelled. As police tried to drag away the protesters, irate spectators jumped the fence and joined the tussle.

New Zealand's decision to play host to South Africa drew swift fire from a number of its Commonwealth partners, particularly the black African states, such as Nigeria and Zimbabwe. The 50-nation Organization of African Unity demanded that New Zealand be excluded from the 1982 Commonwealth Games in Brisbane, Australia. Nigeria helped persuade the Commonwealth's finance ministers to shift their September meeting from New Zealand to the Bahamas, a move that further vexed the besieged Muldoon. Said he: "My first reaction was to tell them to look for a good taxidermist, but I restrained myself."

Australia was also worried about the Springbok series, partly because it will host a meeting of the Commonwealth heads of government in Melbourne beginning Sept. 30 and fears that the session will be split into black and white factions by the fracas over rugby. The Australian Foreign Affairs Department even refused to grant the South Africans visas, forcing the team to take a lengthy detour via New York City and Los Angeles. Referring to the New Zealand rugby union, Australian Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser said: "I suspect they do not understand the damage this could do to New Zealand. It is a very great pity indeed."

The South Africans may also cause anxieties for the U.S. The Springboks are scheduled to play three matches in September in Chicago, Albany and New York. American officials are concerned that black African countries, already distrustful of the Reagan Administration's overtures toward South Africa, might launch a campaign to boycott the 1984 Olympic Games in Los Angeles. Indeed, 30 nations passed up the 1976 Olympics because New Zealand, which was competing, had sent its national rugby team to play in South Africa. Looking ahead to a possibly long hot summer in 1984, a U.S. Olympic Committee director declared last week: "It's a very sensitive situation." ■

Big Doubts About Big Deals

Politicians and scholars debate the merits of multibillion-dollar mergers

Mobil plans to bid $8 billion for Conoco. Penn Central offers $1.4 billion for Colt Industries. Heileman Brewing Co. opens talks on a possible merger with Schlitz Brewing.

The frenzy of bid-a-billion merger making again rippled through American business last week. Company presidents nervously looked for corporate marriage partners, bankers arranged billion-dollar lines of credit, and investors wildly bid up stocks that looked like potential takeover targets. But, as the madding crowds continued to get in on the deals, more and more executives, academics and politicians were becoming concerned about the merger mania. Even those who approve of mergers in principle are stunned by the sheer size and number of the new corporate couplings.

The match-ups made in the past few months link familiar names in almost every American industry: American Express and Shearson Loeb Rhoades, Prudential and Bache, Nabisco and Standard Brands, Sohio and Kennecott. If the present frenetic pace of takeovers continues, U.S. companies could spend $70 billion this year to swallow up more than 2,000 other firms.

But is this rush of corporate marriages really good for the U.S. economy? Will this help get America out of the economic stagnation of the past decade? Does bigness mean greater efficiency for business? Many were dubious about the benefits of the big deals. Said New Jersey Democrat Peter Rodino, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, as he called for congressional hearings on antitrust policy: "This sudden seizure of merger madness could slow down our nation's economic growth." Added Wall Street's Felix Rohatyn, one of the leading merger makers: "There's too much macho involved. This has become show biz."

Others, though, insisted that the takeovers and acquisitions were both necessary and overdue. Said Robert Bork, a top antitrust expert and former Solicitor General: "We've won the war intellectually by showing the efficiencies and economies of scale that grow from consolidations. A lot of mergers that should have taken place were held back for years because of the Justice Department's antitrust division."

As the debate developed last week, bidding intensified in the most extravagant sweepstakes in corporate history—the takeover of Conoco, the ninth biggest American petroleum company. Mobil, the second largest U.S. oil firm, said it was planning to hike its cash offer for 51% of Conoco to $95 per share. For the moment at least, that would equal the $95 per share offer by Du Pont, the biggest U.S. chemical producer, for up to 51% of Conoco stock and top a $92 per share offer from Canada's Seagram, the world's largest liquor distiller. Though Conoco's price tag is now about $8 billion, Wall Streeters expect the bidding to surge even higher. Almost completely overshadowed by the Conoco battle was the announcement last week that the Penn Central Corp., a conglomerate with holdings of everything from oil rigs to amusement parks, would acquire Colt Industries, a diversified manufacturer of firearms and engines, for $1.4 billion. Such paltry billion-dollar deals now pass almost unnoticed.

If these mergers were taking place against the backdrop of a vibrant economy, there might be little cause for concern. But Government statistics released last week showed that U.S. business remains in the doldrums. During the second quarter, the output of goods and services fell at a 1.9% annual rate, raising fears that the nation is entering its second recession in two years.

The slump has cooled inflation from its 13.5% pace of last year, but consumer prices in June were still rising at an uncomfortable 8.8% annual rate. Though economists have been predicting for months that interest rates would drop, the cost of money remains stubbornly high. Two-year Treasury notes were auctioned last week at a record price of 15.92%. The towering charges for borrowing money sent the Dow Jones stock average skidding to 924, its lowest point of the year.

Many members of Congress, including Judiciary's Rodino and Rhode Island Democrat Fernand St Germain, the chairman of the House Banking Committee, see a disturbing connection among high interest rates, sluggish growth and the merger explosion. In the bidding battle for Conoco alone, they note, the contestants

have lined up some $20 billion in standby bank credit. Though much of the financing comes from European banks, many economists and executives contend that heavy loan demands from the merger candidates help keep the U.S. money supply tight and make it more difficult for a small business to finance new machinery or for a family to borrow money for a new house or automobile. Says W Martin Dillon, chairman of Northwestern Steel and Wire Co: "The merger trend and the competition for capital it entails are probably helping to keep interest rates up."

The main cause of the current stampede of mergers, however, is not complex The prolonged depression in the stock market has made the shares of hundreds of American corporations irresistible bargains. The Dow Jones average now stands no higher than it did more than 16 years ago. But inflation has inexorably driven

Investment Banker Felix Rohatyn

up the value of industrial plants, equipment and other assets. Says Yale Economist Paul MacAvoy: "Market values of corporate shares are drastically out of line with the replacement cost of corporate assets or the long-term market values of those shares."

As a result, many companies find it cheaper to buy factories rather than build them or to acquire mines rather than dig their own. Firms with scarce natural resources are the most tempting takeover targets because the price of their assets in the ground has increased particularly fast. For example, since the first energy crisis in 1973, the value of Conoco's plentiful oil, coal, natural gas and uranium reserves has risen from $2.6 billion to $14 billion. Experts say that Conoco's shares are worth at least $45 more than any of the bidders are now offering

Congressional critics, though, blame the Reagan Administration for creating a new atmosphere that encourages merger fever. The President appointed William Baxter, a Stanford law professor who firmly believes in the virtues of large-scale enterprises unfettered by excessive Government regulation, to be his antitrust chief in the Justice Department Baxter's boss, Attorney General William French Smith, succinctly stated the new Administration's philosophy in an oft-quoted speech before the District of Columbia Bar. Said Smith: "Bigness in business is not necessarily badness. Efficient firms should not be hobbled under the guise of antitrust enforcement."

Baxter openly accepts some responsibility for the merger phenomenon. Said he last week: "The statements we've made at the Justice Department have allowed people to think about mergers that they really wouldn't have thought about in past Administrations." Mobil's bid for Conoco is a case in point. Such a merger between two of the top ten petroleum companies would never have been seriously considered during Jimmy Carter's term. Baxter insists that his trustbusters will not allow any acquisition that significantly reduces competition within the oil industry or any other. He also maintains that a Mobil-Conoco combination would be subjected to tough scrutiny in Washington

Baxter should be wary, if only because the American public has long been apprehensive about excessive corporate power. He admits, "The strains of populist hostility toward large companies are deeply ingrained in the U.S." Government trustbusters have enjoyed broad public support as they attacked both concentration within an industry and combinations between corporate giants in unrelated businesses. Yet the burgeoning growth of corporate America has outpaced all the antitrust efforts. Since World War II, the portion of U.S. industry controlled by the 200 largest manufacturing firms has risen from 45% to 60%.

Many prominent economists, such as James McKie of the University of Texas and Lester Thurow of M.I.T., argue that large-scale mergers can enhance industrial efficiency by creating economies of scale. In the jargon of management, mergers create corporate synergism: two plus two can equal five. Combining two companies under one management can reduce administrative overhead and bring fresh leadership to a tired company. The new firm can order raw materials in large quantities or use new technologies to reduce production costs. The result: lower prices and better goods for consumers.

Some merger advocates also contend that big companies have the best chance of holding their own against increasingly aggressive foreign rivals. Larger and more efficient firms can often undersell huge overseas competitors, which frequently benefit from liberal antitrust policies. Says William Agee, chairman of Bendix Corp.: "The acquisitions we're seeing at the moment will be a good thing for America in that they will make us more viable in the world market."

Antitrust Chief William Baxter

Other scholars challenge the notion that corporate behemoths bring greater efficiency and lower prices. They assert that big firms, like governments, are more likely to become bureaucratic and complacent. Says Willard Mueller, an economist at the University of Wisconsin "Large companies are not innovative. Hugeness destroys initiative." Indeed, during the past decade, two-thirds of all new jobs in the U.S. were created by businesses with fewer than 100 workers. Some of the most creative and innovative firms in America today, companies such as Apple Computer, Genentech and New York Air, are small, new corporations.

The history of mergers is littered with both celebrated successes and famous failures. Large companies have often offered special expertise to smaller firms that they absorb. When United Technologies bought Otis Elevator for $500 million in

Former Solicitor General Robert Bork

"We've won the war intellectually."

THE JAMES GANG

'MEET THE MEN' 'BEHIND THE LEGENDS'

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Frank *(left)* and Jesse James invented the daylight bank robbery in America and tested the idea for the first time in Liberty, Missouri, on Valentine's Day, 1866.

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Cole *(left)* and Jim Younger. Serving with Frank James in a Confederate guerilla unit, Cole was said to have tried out a new Enfield rifle on Yankee prisoners.

By the 1870s, Jesse James *(far left)* was secure—and vain—enough to pose for a photographer summoned to the gang's cave hideout in Missouri. For 15 years the James gang held sway, imitated, but never equaled, for notoriety and hell-bent originality

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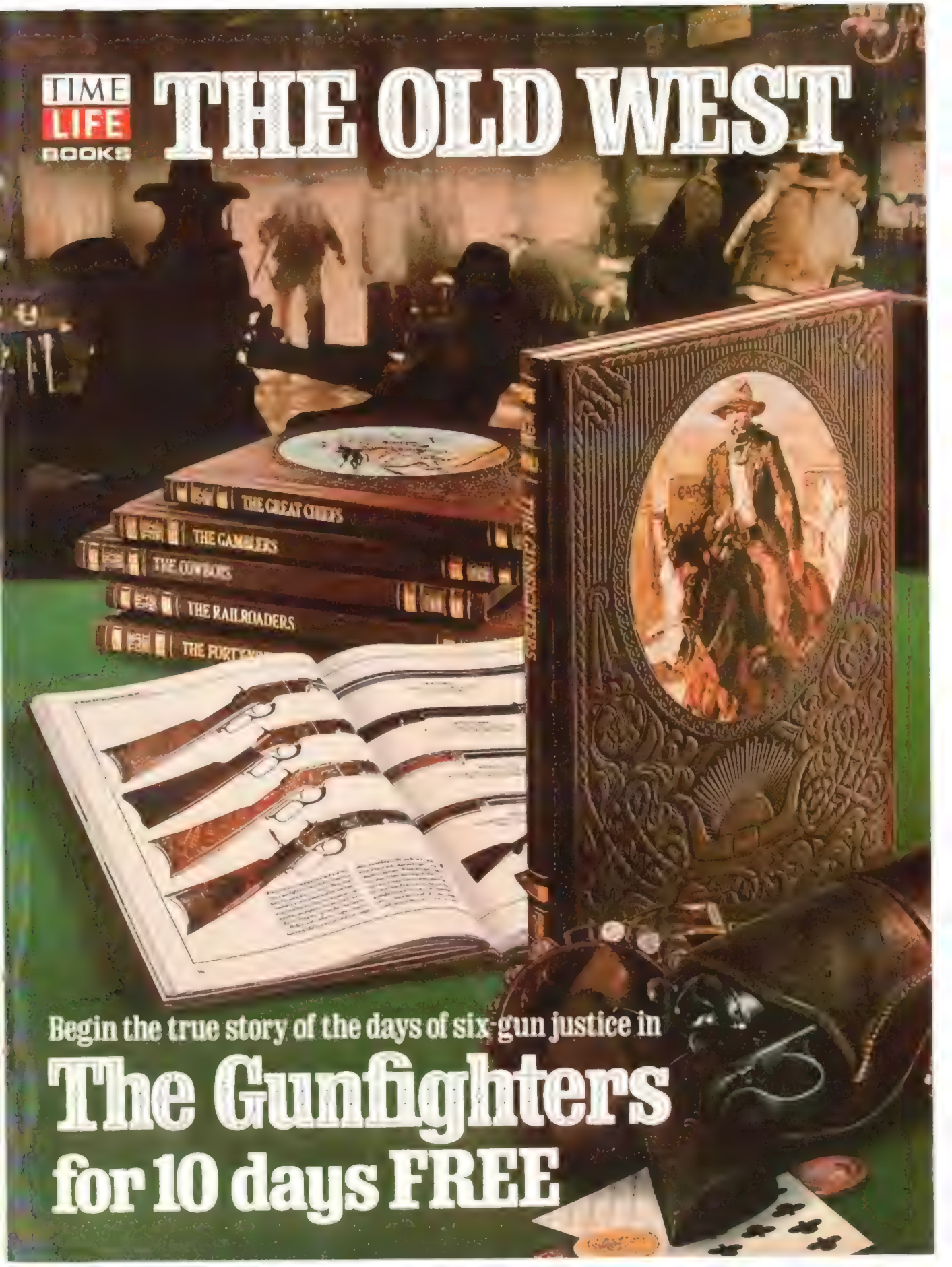
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Ultra Lights: 4 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method
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Merit Family Expands.

Five years ago, MERIT started a whole new era in low tar smoking by delivering taste way out of proportion to tar.

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MERIT
Ultra Lights

1976, the parent company's skilled technicians significantly improved the design and manufacture of its newly acquired products. Other mergers have been much less successful. LTV Corp. was one of the highest flying firms of the 1960s, but its forays into businesses as wide-ranging as prescription drugs and sporting goods drove it to the edge of bankruptcy. The company's turn-around to financial health began after it sold off several of its acquisitions and concentrated on the manufacture of steel and a few other basic products. Recalls Paul Thayer, who is now LTV's chairman: "We had been a conglomerate mess to say the least. We had no corporate understanding of the businesses we were in."

One of the most serious charges leveled against mergers is that they channel money away from productive capital investment. Instead of building new plants and providing new jobs by developing new or better products, so the theory goes, companies are now all too eager to buy the existing factories of other firms. Many corporate executives see the key to growth as acquisition rather than innovation. Complains Walter Adams, a professor of economics at Michigan State University: "Mergers don't create new factories or add new employment. Oil companies say they need profits to expand in gas and oil. That's persiflage. What they really want is to diversify through acquisitions and get into other industries."

If the merger momentum continues unabated, the public could demand congressional action to curb takeovers. Two years ago, Democratic Senators Howard Metzenbaum of Ohio and Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts introduced a bill in Congress that could have prohibited mergers between companies with assets of $2 billion or more. If sentiment against mergers grows, they stand ready to introduce that legislation again.

A rush to pass such an arbitrary limit on merger size could be a serious mistake. Says Justice's Baxter: "Mergers are a very important part of the functioning of capital markets, and one has to be very careful about a simplistic and sweeping reaction to merger surges."

Such action would severely limit the Government's prerogative to judge each merger on its own merits. Many mergers no doubt create highly efficient firms that deliver low-cost products to consumers, while other corporate marriages are hastily conceived and poorly executed. No merger is intrinsically good or bad. It must be considered on the basis of the two corporations involved and the industry in which those firms operate. Small is not always beautiful; big is not always bad. American companies, like the U.S. economy, can and should grow both larger and stronger. *—By Charles Alexander.*

Reported by Evan Thomas/Washington and Frederick Ungeheuer/New York, with other U.S. bureaus

Days of Glory

Chrysler turns up a winner

Though the good news of Chrysler's second quarter results had become one of the worst-kept secrets in automotive history, Chrysler Chairman Lee Iacocca was determined to get all the mileage he could out of the announcement. First, he picked the National Press Club in Washington as a forum to give the second quarter company statement the widest possible coverage. Then, at a pre-speech reception, Iacocca presided over the presentation of small bottles of artists' ink to the members of Congress who had voted 19 months ago to give Chrysler up to $1.5 billion in federal loan guarantees. On the bottles of black ink were the labels NOW

Chairman Lee Iacocca in Washington, D.C.

Into the black after $3.1 billion in losses

BEING USED BY THE CHRYSLER CORP. Unable to resist winning a little more publicity for his products, Iacocca arrived at the club driving a prototype of a 1982 Chrysler Le Baron convertible in its first appearance on public streets.

With all the fanfare complete, Iacocca gave out the news: after 27 months and $3.1 billion of losses, Chrysler had made a profit of $12 million during the second quarter. Quipped Iacocca: "With our second quarter profits, we too might make a tender offer for Conoco. What the hell, everybody else has."

Although $12 million will not go far in solving Chrysler's massive financial problems, the small profit represents a significant improvement over last year's second quarter, when the company lost a stunning $536 million. Skeptical observers, however, wondered whether Chrysler's black ink was a demonstration of the company's improving health or just the outcome of some fancy financial footwork.

From April 1 to June 30, Chrysler shipped 242,000 cars to its dealers. Since auto-industry bookkeepers count the cars sold after they are delivered to showrooms, this helped build up the second quarter results. But Chrysler's auto dealers sold only 189,000 cars, creating a large inventory that could keep down third quarter factory orders.

Iacocca insisted that he had not cooked the books. He said that Chrysler prudently built up its stocks so that shortages will not develop later this summer when plants shut down for the annual model changeovers. He also noted that both Ford and General Motors increased stocks during the second quarter.

Fancy bookkeeping or not, Chrysler will be hard pressed to stay in the black for the rest of the year. Even though it has sharply reduced the size of its operations and drastically cut costs, the company is headed into the year's slowest selling season. Sales will also be sluggish if interest rates remain high. Iacocca last week predicted a good second half of the year for Chrysler and the rest of the industry if interest rates drop to 15% or less. But he added: "If they stay at 20%, look out—it will be disaster."

The other major auto companies also made money in the second quarter. Ford last week reported a narrow $60 million profit, which was a relief after its $439 million loss in the first quarter of the year. General Motors, the only American automaker to earn money during the first three months of 1981, is expected to announce even better results for the second quarter.

The temporary move into the black, however, does not remove the industry's persistent serious problems. The automakers' gains are coming mostly as a result of lower overhead and worker layoffs. Detroit continues to have difficulties selling cars. During the first ten days of July, sales of American-made autos fell to the lowest levels for that period in 20 years, and they have increased only slightly since then. Ford suffered a setback last week when talks broke off with Toyota over plans for the two companies to build cars jointly in the U.S. Such a venture would have helped Ford fill out its sparse line of small cars. Even GM is now running into problems with the subcompact J-cars that it introduced in May. Production has been slower than expected, and consumers have been very reluctant to buy the new small cars at prices that can top $10,000.

U.S. automakers still hope for a sales upturn this fall. Millions of Americans have been delaying replacement of their old cars, but at some point they will be forced to take them off the road. The new voluntary restrictions on Japanese auto exports should also eventually help the sale of American models. But it may be a while before Iacocca will be able to repeat last week's profit announcement. ■

Bloody Bottles

Cola wars in Thailand

The global sales competition between Coke and Pepsi has produced some of the catchiest tunes in advertising, as well as a lot of intricate high-level maneuvering in Washington, where the winner was sometimes determined by who sat in the Oval Office. PepsiCo Chairman Donald Kendall got the right to bottle and sell Pepsi in the Soviet Union in 1972, when his friend Richard Nixon was in the White House. After Jimmy Carter moved to Washington, his old Atlanta pal Coca-Cola Chairman J. Paul Austin captured the exclusive right to sell Coke to a billion Chinese. Rarely, though, has the Coke-Pepsi rivalry gone so far as in Thailand, where it has now led to two deaths.

Both Pepsi and Coke have campaigned vigorously for the Thai market. Tropical thirsts have driven consumption of soft drinks there up to a strong 50 to 60 bottles per person per year, despite an annual per capita income of only $350. Although Coke's overall sales, including those of Sprite and Fanta, top Pepsi's total market share 46% to 34%, Coke alone has long trailed Pepsi by a wide margin.

In recent years, Coke had begun closing the gap, but the Thai government hurt the company's sales a year ago when it raised the excise tax on soft drinks by more than 100%. That made Coke and Pepsi raise their prices from a dime to 15¢ a bottle. Thai peasants, who leaned toward Pepsi but occasionally bought both drinks, were forced by the higher prices to cut their consumption and choose one or the other. More often than not, they chose Pepsi.

Coke salesmen became increasingly nervous. One of them, identified only as Tin, spotted Pepsi Salesman Thongyu Meksuk putting up Pepsi posters in a small open-air restaurant on the outskirts of Khampaeng Phet, about 200 miles northwest of Bangkok. Such point-of-purchase advertising is important in Thailand, since about 96% of soft drinks are consumed where they are bought. Coke and Pepsi have long squabbled over prime space in cafés and other public places.

Boy in Bangkok sips Pepsi from a Coke cup

A shotgun blast ended the argument.

An angry Tin began tearing down his rival's posters. Enraged, Thongyu shouted at Tin. The two men then agreed to settle the matter with a fistfight and departed in clattering bottle trucks for a field near by. On the way, though, Tin pulled his truck alongside Thongyu's and, according to witnesses, blasted him with a shotgun. Thongyu was left dead at his wheel; Tin disappeared.

This was not the first murder in Thailand's cola wars. Two years ago, a Pepsi distributor stabbed a Coke man to death. A court later ruled that the Pepsi employee had acted in self-defense. Such violence is common in provincial Thailand, where political instability has imparted a certain Wild West atmosphere. But local officials of the two companies deplored the recent murder. Said Coke's Win Mumby: "Both Pepsi and Coke have reasonable managements who try to prevent this kind of thing." Added Pepsi's Leonard DuBoff: "A poster certainly isn't worth a man's life." Thongyu's death did accomplish one thing. For a few moments, it got Coke and Pepsi to think seriously about the limits of their rivalry. ■

Iceberg Cool

A bold way to beat the heat

Rising out of a field on the campus of Princeton University is an eerie-looking Dacron-covered dome that suggests a wayward spaceship. Inside is something that looks either like a miniature Matterhorn or perhaps a giant Sno-Cone wrapped in plastic. In fact, the mound is the tip of an iceberg. Beneath it, nestled into a 10-ft.-deep hole in the ground, is a thick heap of slowly melting ice. To its creator, Theodore Taylor, a nuclear physicist turned alternative-energy researcher, the pile of ice is proof that there are better and cheaper ways than air conditioning to cool people off on a hot day.

Taylor calls his invention an ice pond, and the way it works is astonishingly simple. Basically, the pond is nothing more than a 60-ft.-wide plastic-lined hole in the ground filled with ice. To make the ice, Taylor last winter used a snowmaking machine similar to those found at ski resorts. Instead of making actual snow, however, he adjusted the machine's nozzle to spray out a substance that was roughly the consistency of wet sherbet, which was squirted into the hole. The water part of the slush drained to the bottom, leaving ice granules above. A system of pipes and pumps drew off the ice water from the bottom of the pond, and it was recirculated by other pipes and pumps back to the snowmaker. The water was then sprayed out onto the pile all over again, as slush, adding still more ice granules to the growing mound. After several weeks, a compact mound of ice about 30 ft. thick had been formed.

Taylor standing atop his mountain of ice

A renewable-energy cooling system.

As summer has progressed, the mound of ice has begun to melt slowly, sending ice water trickling down through the granules to the bottom of the pond. The collector pipes are now gathering the ice water and pumping it to a nearby building, where it is being circulated through cooling vents in the rooms.

By the end of the summer, most of the ice in the pond will have melted, but the temperature of the constantly recirculating water in the system will remain at little more than 32° F. or that of true ice water. Meanwhile, the building is staying at a comfortable 70° F. Of course, the ice ponds could only be used for buildings with a large amount of empty land near by. It would take about 100 tons of ice, or enough to fill a 20-sq.-ft. hole 10 ft. deep, to cool the average American home from spring to autumn.

Though Taylor's test pond has not yet completed its first full summer of operation, Prudential Insurance is already planning its own ice pond, to cool a building now being built by the firm on land adjoining the Princeton campus. Engineers estimate that the company will save as much as $10,000 to $15,000 in annual electrical costs by using ice-pond cooling instead of standard air conditioning.

Engineering extravaganzas are nothing new to Taylor. As a nuclear scientist at Los Alamos, N. Mex., in the 1950s, he designed the largest fission bomb that had ever been exploded. In the 1960s he worked on the U.S. Air Force's Project Orion, an aborted fission-powered spaceship that was supposed to explore the solar system. For now, Taylor is happy with his melting ice mound. Says he: "Standing on that pile of ice is pure adventure. We are developing the first renewable-energy cooling system that is competitive with electrical air conditioning." ■

Super Shrimp

Farms for protein and profit

Shrimp boats is a-comin',
Their sails are in sight
Shrimp boats is a-comin',
There's dancin' tonight.
—From a 1950s song

There is shrimp-inspired dancing in Ecuador these days all right, but it is not to the tune of returning boats. Instead, in vast ponds on the salty flatlands of El Oro and other coastal provinces, a new industry has sprung up: shrimp farming. Last year these farms produced 20.8 million lbs. of the tasty crustaceans, *vs.* nothing just a decade ago, earning $66 million in foreign exchange and hefty profits for Ecuador's new shrimp farmers.

Chief among the new shrimpers is Peter Shayne, 46, a Los Angeles native. Shayne set up a sea urchin processing plant in Chile in 1968, but was expelled by the government of Marxist President Salvador Allende in 1970 as an unwelcome American businessman. Shayne eventually wound up in Ecuador with $20,000 in his pocket and decided to go into the shrimp-packing business; in 1974 he started his first shrimp farm. Now a millionaire, Shayne is one of dozens of wealthy shrimp farmers in Ecuador.

The country's equatorial climate along the coast is ideally suited to the new industry. In an operation resembling the Central London Hatchery in Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, adult shrimp are fished from the sea and placed in large tanks where subtle and carefully controlled variations in light and water temperature induce breeding. Pregnant females—each producing 150,000 to 200,000 eggs—are transferred by hand to separate hatching tanks, where an average of 90,000 eggs survive to become adolescent shrimp. After 17 days, always just around dawn to avoid damage by sunlight, the young shrimp are transferred to maturation ponds. There, with technicians and the anxious farmers standing by, they grow to adults.

Shayne's ponds are dug on the coastal flatlands, shored by timbering and fed by a canal. The square pools produce 800 lbs. per acre at each harvest, and he gets three harvests a year, a far higher yield than most of his fellow shrimp farmers, who average fewer than two harvests of approximately 300 to 400 lbs. each. In a laboratory up the coast from Shayne's ponds, experts work on secret methods for getting shrimp to produce more eggs; in another plant machines compact food similar to cattle feed so that it stays in one piece under water. Shrimp, it seems, like their food intact.

Shayne is already the world's biggest single exporter of farmed shrimp, although competitors are growing rapidly. Fish farming, practiced by the Chinese some 4,000 years ago, is producing shrimp in commercial quantities in countries like Japan and the Philippines. It is going on also in states such as Hawaii, California and Florida, and there is even a research facility in landlocked Arizona. Says Shayne: "If you do it right, this is the best business going. The returns are even better than from growing marijuana."

The profits are indeed substantial and have created a kind of gold-rush atmosphere in Ecuador. An investment of $1,200 to $2,000 per acre of shrimp pond could be returned in just six months. Says Joe Fischer, an aquaculture expert brought in from Hawaii by Shayne: "People are racing to get ponds dug, even when they have no idea what they are doing."

There can still be hazards. Ecuadorian exports last year were up 62% in volume since 1979, but they increased by only 27% in value because the price of shrimp dropped an average of 80¢ per lb. Main reason: buyers were turned off by high prices and knocked shrimp off their shopping lists. American shrimpers, who still practice their trade in boats, do not like the lower prices and tough competition. They have been making protectionist rumbles in Washington for a tariff on imported shrimp, but thus far to no avail.

Shayne and the other shrimp producers see their product as a source of cheap, high-quality protein. Says Scott Horton, a marine biologist from Texas A & M: "Shrimp has far greater food value than any other farm product, even beef. It is really the chicken of the sea." Lower prices will be good news for consumers: in some Manhattan restaurants last week six shrimp cost a stunning $8. ■

Shayne inspects products in his packing plant
"Better returns than marijuana growing."

Money U.

Training financial planners

Until a few years ago, personal financial planning was a service for the very rich provided by full-time family lawyers and investment managers. Middle- and upper-income people generally had to make do on their own in a topsy-turvy investment world where the rules for efficient use of money have become shredded shibboleths. A penny saved is no longer a penny earned; it might well be a penny lost to higher taxes and inflation.

Enter the certified financial planner, a new breed of personal financial consultant with expertise on how to help people make the most of their money. C.F.P.s assist families in straightening out finances, dealing with high interest rates, saving effectively and managing their debts. Says William Anthes, 38: "Many people should be living a lot better than they are. There are families making $50,000 that are feeling pressed but shouldn't."

Anthes is in a position to know. He is president of Denver's campusless College for Financial Planning, a nine-year-old institution whose alumni have grown from 41 in 1973 to 3,020 now, with a current enrollment of 5,200. Mainly through correspondence courses backed by rigorous testing at 140 centers throughout the U.S., the college turns out C.F.P.s trained in such areas as risk management, taxes and investments, and estate planning.

Many of the college's students already have some training in law or accounting; one is a marriage counselor who wants to deal effectively with marital money difficulties. C.F.P. does not yet have the status of C.L.U. (chartered life underwriter) or C.P.A. (certified public accountant), but Anthes and his fellow faculty members hope to change that by funneling more people through 18 to 24 months of courses at a tuition of $850. About 50% of the college's graduates belong to the Institute of Certified Financial Planners, which in January will begin setting education standards for its members. The Atlanta-based International Association of Financial Planners claims 8,200 members. As of now, there are no licensing requirements anywhere in the U.S., and almost anyone with a pocket calculator can call himself a financial planner. Says Association Executive Director Vernon Gwynne: "There are people calling themselves planners who aren't really qualified."

Once trained, C.F.P.s do very well, commanding hourly fees ranging from $50 to $150 and flat fees of $300 or more, depending on the size of a family's income. Richard Silverstein, a C.F.P. working in Los Angeles, earns more than $100,000 a year. And the market is growing. Families earning $25,000 to $50,000 are the ones most in need of planning, and the number of those households has more than tripled since the mid-'70s. ■

With rainbow-striped sails catching the wind and a single pontoon cutting the water, 14-footers race across a California lake

Sport

Happiness Is a Hobie Cat

For thousands of weekend sailors, summer means just one thing

The brilliant palette of Dacron sail stands taut in the breeze, while below it the bright twin pontoons slice the sea into a foaming, sun-dazzled wake. As the breeze quickens, one of the pontoons flies free of the water, bringing whoops of excitement from the boat's two occupants.

Welcome to the world of the Hobie Cat addict, that 100,000-strong armada of hopelessly smitten enthusiasts who insist that nothing in life quite measures up to the unrestrained joy of breezing along on a twin-hulled Hobie.

The Hobie catamaran, which suggests a Polynesian outrigger canoe with a sail, is the creation of Nautical Designer Hobart (Hobie) Alter, 47, of Capistrano Beach, Calif. In the 13 years since the first Hobie Cat set sail, the craft has become the favorite American weekend sailboat by far and helped make Alter a millionaire several times over. Though the twin hulls of Hobie Cats make the vessels a bit tougher to maneuver than single-hulled sailboats, the real thrill of skippering a Cat is in its exhilarating speed. The lightweight vessels can reach a motorboat clip of nearly 25 m.p.h. in a fresh wind. Exclaimed the America's Cup champion Ted Turner after sailing a Hobie Cat: "That's the most fun I ever had in my whole life on any sailboat, and I've been on a lot of sailboats!"

Hobie Cats come in sizes ranging from 14 ft. to 18 ft., but the most popular is the Hobie 16, which sells for about $3,000, plus some $400 more for a package of extras like a colored sail. More than 50,000 of the aluminum and fiberglass vessels have been sold since the model was launched in 1971, and Hobie 16 races and regattas are now part of the summertime scene from Laguna Beach to Long Island.

Alter, an inveterate tinkerer, endeared himself in the mid-1950s to an earlier generation of Californians by introducing the first mass-produced balsa-wood and fiberglass surfboards. By 1960 he had become the world's leading supplier of the custom-made, polyurethane-foam surfboard, which became a symbol of the California life-style.

In 1976 Alter, who had grown bored with the administrative end of his sailboat business, sold out to a camping-equipment maker, the Coleman Co. of Wichita, Kans. "I didn't want to be head of anything because then you have to go to meetings and junk," says Alter, who instead signed on with Coleman as a designer and began casting about for something different to create. The result: a 33-ft. fiberglass sloop, the Hobie 33. Equipped with a retractable keel and a mast that can be easily removed for transportation, the boat is small enough to be towed behind a car on a trailer, yet large enough to sleep up to seven. The sleek vessel is priced to sail away at about $40,000, *vs.* as much as $70,000 for other similar size vessels.

Dealers are already queuing up to sell the new boats, the first of which will be ready some time in the fall. Says Edmund Laviano, president of Bellpat Marine of East Patchogue, N.Y.: "The Hobie 33 looks as if it's doing 30 knots just sitting at the dock. I want one the minute the boat is available." The tinkerer from Southern California, who shepherded Americans onto surfboards in the 1960s and onto Hobie Cats in the 1970s, now hopes to lead them onto deepwater sailing ships in the 1980s. ■

The new 33-ft., single-hull sloop that will sell for about $40,000, fully equipped

Hobie Alter with an array of his surfboards

Thunder and Lightning in a Pen

Theologian Karl Barth's last letters mix vitriol, compassion

He was typecast for the role of European professor: hair askew, glasses perched precariously on nose, rumpled suit flecked with bits of tobacco from an omnipresent pipe. At the University of Basel, where he taught for 27 years, students adored him. But amiable Karl Barth was anything but indulgent when he talked of man's relationship with God.

In his epochal commentary on St. Paul's *Epistle to the Romans*, after World War I, Barth thundered that the biblical God was "wholly other," powerful, mysterious. Man's task was to reshape himself to God's design, rather than the other way around. Almost singlehanded he established what came to be known as "Neo-Orthodox" theology, demolishing the 19th century–style liberalism that had tried to domesticate the Deity. During the next several decades, in his 9,000-page *Church Dogmatics*, he sought to make God's nature and activity a bit more accessible to mortals.

He was not only Protestantism's preeminent theologian, but a public figure. In 1934 he drafted the creed of the anti-Nazi "Confessing Church," which organized German Protestantism against Hitler's puppet church. That same year he was fired from his professorship at the University of Bonn for refusing to take the ritual faculty pledge of allegiance to Hitler. Returning to his native Switzerland, the archfoe of Nazism often perplexed Westerners—including America's Reinhold Niebuhr—with his live-and-let-live attitude toward Communism.

Fascinating facets of Barth's life and thought have been revived in the English edition of *Letters 1961-1968* (Eerdmans; 382 pages; $18.95). Written late in his life, the 325 letters are full of typical Barthian barbs directed at the Allies' policy of rearming the West German "empire" and "the rabid mob of anti-Communists." Among the aging theologian's enthusiasms: Mozart (Barth proposed him for beatification), American Civil War battles, and the contemporary U.S., which he visited for the first and only time at age 75 ("a fantastic affair").

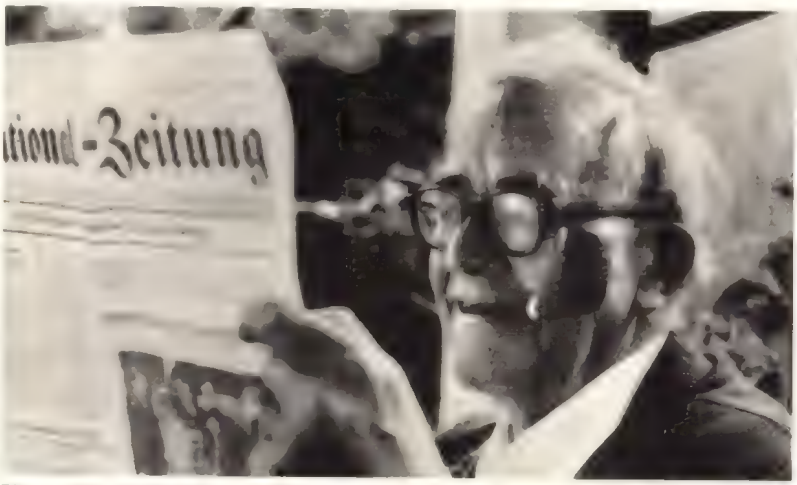
The pen that dashed off vitriolic criticism to academics became compassionate when everyday folk asked for spiritual advice. To a German prisoner contemplating suicide: "Regarding your prayers. How do you know they are in vain? God has his own time, and he may well know the right moment to lift the double shadow that now lies over your life."

Publicly, Barth kept berating the West for its nuclear buildup and its cold war mentality. But privately, as the book reveals for the first time, he wrote to fellow-traveling Czechoslovak Theologian Josef Hromádka, saying: "My hair stands on end" at the concept of "freedom and peace" through "Nikita, Mao and even Fidel." Hromádka's association of the Christian Gospel with the political cause of Communism, he said, was a mirror image of the sin committed by Niebuhr and other anti-Communist "Western fathers."

The most extraordinary letter was written to Pope Paul VI in 1968, only seven weeks before Barth's death. Discussing the Pope's encyclical against artificial birth control, Barth told the Pontiff that he would not debate the conclusions but rather the decree's mistaken theology. He could not accept, as he said Paul had, "the estimate of natural law as a kind of second source of revelation" alongside the Bible. But Barth concluded, "You may be assured of my great respect for what might be called the heroic isolation in which, Holy Father, you now find yourself."

Barth wrote to his Basel colleague Oscar Cullmann that "the best way of fighting theological opponents—apart from a few brief flashes of lightning—is to let them be." But in his comments on leading theologians, lightning flashed often.

To one correspondent, he described as "abominable" Paul Tillich's theories about God, which all but reduced Christ and the Bible to important examples of mankind's philosophical quest. Inviting Tillich for a visit, Barth suggested they discuss "my own difficulty in reading your books." After the visit he wrote, "We understand one another so well and cordially at the human level, but we can only contradict and oppose one another from the very foundation up."



Pipe-smoking Barth, at leisure with his newspaper, after retirement from Basel

Tillich's beliefs were "abominable," Bishop Robinson's book the "abyss of banality."

What most stirred Barth's theological ire was the spread of German Theologian Rudolf Bultmann's celebrated effort at "demythologizing," with its radical skepticism about the historical accounts and miracles in the Bible. Barth described this as a "return to the darkest 19th century" and wrote: "We should quietly affirm the unmistakable poverty, thinness and even futility of this whole undertaking." When Anglican Bishop John A.T. Robinson popularized Bultmann's notions in *Honest to God* (1964), Barth's verdict was characteristically blunt: "O abyss of banality!" As for Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, the Catholic theologian-scientist, Barth dismissed him as a Gnostic heretic.

Barth was less contemptuous of his friend, Roman Catholic Theologian Hans Küng, who later became so critical of the papacy that he was removed from a Catholic faculty in West Germany. Especially in the last two years of his life, Barth feared that Küng and other Catholic liberals were repeating the errors of the old Protestant liberals. In 1968, shortly before he died, he wrote Küng of his "deep-seated uneasiness" about Küng's latest book, *Truthfulness: The Future of the Church*. "The true church is hardly mentioned," he noted, "let alone the true ground of the existence and essence of the church, Jesus Christ himself." Barth predicted that "sooner or later," church authorities would have to act against Küng.

—*By Richard N. Ostling*

"It's finished off with a high regard for the decencies of life."
I've driven a lot of imported world-class cars. They're good, believe me. But my latest love is American: the new Ford Granada. Styling that lets you mingle with the fine imported cars of the International Set. And finished off inside with a fine regard for the decencies of life. Hand-fitted upholstery... deep seats. And best of all... interior dimensions that are consistent with the comfort and well-being of adult travellers. Investigate Granada. It rewards scrutiny. It is a dash of class... built with a commitment to quality.
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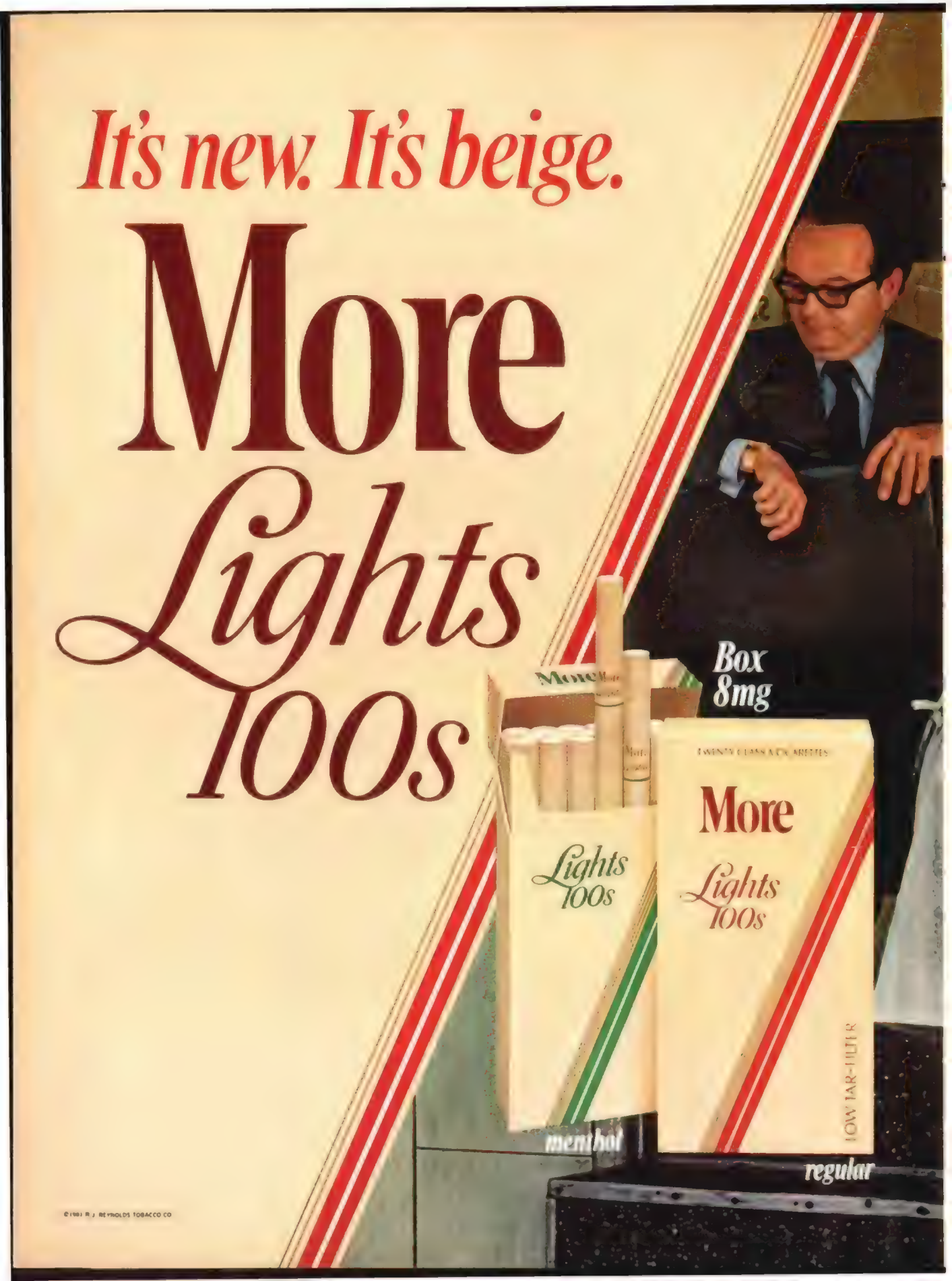

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Environment

Minke whale tethered to ship after it was caught off the coast of Japan

Battling for the Leviathans

Some significant steps are taken to save the whales

To environmentalists, Interior Secretary James Watt sometimes seems to be an avenging Ahab, citing the Bible and warring against nature. But that image may be unfair. Last week, with the Secretary's blessing, the U.S. came to the help of Watt's surprising friends, the whales.

The occasion was the annual meeting of the International Whaling Commission (IWC) in the English seaside resort of Brighton. On the street, save-the-whales demonstrators waved placards, chanted slogans and even floated a 110-ft. inflatable whale named Big Flo. Inside the Victorian-style Brighton Metropole Hotel, the delegates from 31 member nations pondered the fate of the leviathans. The commission, formed after World War II to regulate whaling, has been setting annual quotas ever since. For this season the permissible commercial take had dwindled to 13,851 whales, 80% of them small minkes. That was less than a third of the total eight years ago. Hunting of such endangered species as the blue, bowhead, right and humpback is now forbidden altogether, except by or on behalf of Eskimos and other native peoples, while sperms may be taken only by coastal-based ships.

Still, marine biologists worry about the whale's future. Chief U.S. Delegate Tom Garrett, a childhood friend of Watt's and longtime defender of the whales, who was appointed at his urging, said that far too little is known about the populations of various species or their reproductive habits to permit the slaughter to go on, even at reduced levels. He backed a British proposal for a moratorium on all commercial whaling.

The Japanese, who along with the Soviets operate the only large ocean-going whaling fleets, insisted that enough is known to set safe limits that will ensure the animals' survival. Whaling, they added, was important to their economy and food supply; they felt no legal or moral obligation to accept a ban.

Conservationist groups replied that the Japanese estimates were grossly overstated. But on the issue of the moratorium, their words, including President Reagan's plea to save "these magnificent creatures," were to no avail. It failed to get a required three-fourths majority. So did another proposal to stop all whaling in the North Atlantic.

But at week's end the antiwhaling forces won two significant victories. Over Japan's objections, the conference set a "zero quota" on all sperm whaling in the Southern Hemisphere and the North Atlantic. As a gesture to the Japanese, a decision on the North Pacific was deferred until the spring. Said Garrett: "This might be the final curtain for sperm whaling."

The delegates also agreed to outlaw "cold" (or nonexplosive) harpoons on minke whales, starting with the 1982-83 season. Conservationists claim these weapons prolong the animal's final agony, but the Japanese insist that faster-killing grenade-tipped harpoons damage too much of the flesh and are dangerous to the hunters. The decision gives them time to develop a less damaging, safer explosive harpoon.

The antiwhalers were not so successful on the issue of next year's overall quotas. The total number of whales that can be legally taken was reduced by only about 500. Still, if this trend continues, whaling may eventually become so uneconomical that even the persistent Japanese will be forced to drop it. ■

High on Aswan

A vote for Egypt's great dam

Every summer the ancient Egyptians threw a beautiful virgin into the Nile to propitiate the river god. The Nile was Egypt's lifeblood: its waters renewed the parched land, and its sediment enriched the soil. But at times there was too much water, engulfing fields and villages, or too little, bringing famine and death.

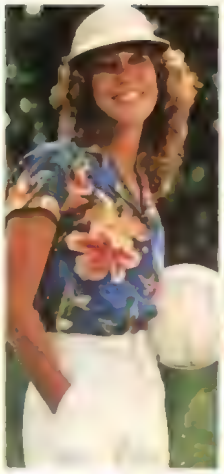
In the 1960s, this timeless cycle was broken. With construction of the Aswan High Dam, the largest and most ambitious barrier ever built across the river, the Nile's annual floods were brought under complete control. A 2,000-sq.-mi. reservoir was created, and, through the dam's turbines, enough hydroelectric power was produced to meet half of Egypt's electrical needs. Irrigating canals created a million acres of new farm land.

But the Soviet-aided project also generated megawatts of controversy. Environmentalists charged that the dam would rob the Nile Valley of the silt that had made it fertile. They predicted increased salinity of the land, and warned of a sharp rise in water-borne diseases like schistosomiasis. They also anticipated erosion of the Nile Delta. The great dam became a symbol of Third World development gone awry.

Now, in a surprising reassessment, a team of American and Egyptian scientists sharply disputes this view. Speaking at an environmental conference in Israel, Chief Scientist Khalil Mancy, 52, conceded that the dam has caused severe dislocations. But he added that with the Aswan liabilities have come new benefits. The collapse of the sardine industry in the Delta, for example, has been balanced by the creation of a rich new fishery in the Aswan reservoir. The Nile's increased salinity turns out to have been exaggerated; the salt level, the scientists found, is up only 10% to 15%, not yet enough to damage most crops. In fact, the greatest threat to water quality is not the dam but the growing pollution from thriving towns and farms along the now peaceable river's shore. As for schistosomiasis, it is on the wane.

The University of Michigan scientist does not deny that some effects may require costly remedies. To halt coastal erosion, dikes will have to be built, and a steadily rising water table may require protection for monuments like the Temple of Karnak. It will be still more difficult to get the 100,000 Nubians displaced by the big lake to adapt to the unfamiliar life of settled farmers on newly arable lands. But even with these problems, Mancy, who first gazed lovingly on the Nile as a youth in Cairo, remains enthusiastic. "Would I build the dam again?" he asks rhetorically. "I would say yes." ■

FRONT-WHEEL-DRIVE PERFORMANCE



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Editor Murray Gart discusses the closing with his reporters and editors. Despite editorial improvements, circulation kept falling

Press

Washington Loses a Newspaper

After investing $85 million, Time Inc. shuts down the Star

Rumors of its impending demise had been circulating for a decade. Legions of readers and advertisers had defected, pushing losses to intolerable levels. But the Washington *Star* gamely hung on, and in 1978 it got a reprieve: Time Inc. bought the paper for $20 million and pledged $60 million for its revitalization. Said James R. Shepley, then Time Inc.'s president and later chairman of the board of the *Star*: "It is vitally important that the greater Washington area continue to have the services of two strong newspapers." But last week, after an expenditure of $85 million and after-tax losses of $35 million, the company admitted it could no longer postpone the inevitable. Said Time Inc. President J. Richard Munro: "Despite our substantial investment, the newspaper continues to lose money and shows no prospect of a turn-around. Regrettably, we feel we have no choice but to close it."

The company set the closing for Aug. 7, in the slim hope that a dark-horse buyer would come forward during the two-week grace period. Otherwise the nation's capital will be left with only one major newspaper, the Washington *Post* (daily circ. 618,000). This was cause for mourning in a city where decision makers depend on a full and vigorous airing of important public issues. "An extremely sad day," said President Ronald Reagan. Added House Speaker Tip O'Neill: "We ought to have newspapers expressing opposite philosophies." Even the victor in this journalistic struggle did not celebrate. "The demise of the *Star*," said *Post* Publisher Donald Graham, "is dreadful for Washington and for anyone who loves newspapers."

Time Inc. executives were satisfied that they had given the *Star* their "best shot," as Munro put it. The paper recruited top talent, including Denver *Post* Cartoonist Pat Oliphant and Washington *Post* Writer Judy Bachrach, added a second op-ed page and started a morning edition. National and international coverage —long a weak point—were bolstered with the worldwide resources of the Time-Life News Service. Five new community editions broadened the metropolitan coverage. Under Editor Murray J. Gart, 56, former chief of the Time-Life News Service, the *Star* stressed hard news and straightforward reporting over fancy writing and instant analysis. The paper won two Pulitzer Prizes (for editorials in 1979 and criticism in 1981) and numerous other awards. Said Henry Grunwald, Time Inc. editor in chief: "Many observers, including very sharp critics, have said that the Washington *Star* is the best afternoon daily in the U.S. I would go further and say that it is one of the three or four best and most responsible newspapers, morning or afternoon, in the country."

Unfortunately, its circulation and advertising figures did not improve along with the editorial product. The downward march paused briefly in 1979, but resumed when the local economy slumped and the *Star* stopped offering cut-rate subscriptions, an enticement for new readers that proved too costly. After 3½ years, daily circulation had slipped from 349,000 to 323,000 and Sunday totals had dropped from 337,000 to 294,000.

The turning point for the *Star* was 1954, although no one knew it at the time. It was then that the *Post* acquired the *Times-Herald*, more than doubling its own circulation and securing a monopoly in the morning. Instead of starting a morning edition to compete with the *Post*, the *Star* stood pat. Conservative in politics and outlook, the *Star's* proprietors failed to recognize that Washington was becoming a far more liberal and sophisticated place.

The *Star's* plight was similar to that of other big-city evening papers, which lost about 20% of their circulation between 1965 and 1979. The flight of city dwellers to the suburbs and the gradual postwar shift from a blue-collar to a white-collar work force have created an audience predisposed to morning papers. Today's reader goes to work later and has less time for reading a newspaper at the end of the day. Although television coverage offers less depth, it can provide much fresher news: many evening papers go to press before midday so that delivery trucks can beat the evening rush hour.

More important than its troubles in the afternoon, the *Star* could not buck the deeply entrenched Washington *Post*. Acknowledged Munro: "We were either naive enough or unrealistic enough to think we could come in and steal some of the market share from one of the most powerful newspapers in the country." Throughout Time Inc.'s ownership, the Post was able to hold on to 75% of the city's newspaper advertising. In tight economic times, advertisers cling to the dominant paper. Says Chicago *Sun-Times* Publisher Jim Hoge, who tried and failed to save that city's evening *Daily News*: "Once you get deep in the hole, it is almost impossible to get out."

In hindsight, some newspaper experts fault the *Star's* editorial strategy, although their analyses are often contradictory. Some argue that the paper should have stressed soft features and service articles, since the *Post* already offered a comprehensive package of local, national and foreign news. On the contrary, argues Ben Bagdikian, former *Post* national editor and now a journalism professor at the University of California at Berkeley: "I would have gone head to head against the *Post* in the morning . . . with a steady diet of authoritative, detailed pieces."

Time Inc. studied these possibilities but found serious flaws in all of them. Says

Grunwald: "I am convinced that the 'soft feature' approach would not have worked in the long run. As for converting the *Star* to a morning paper, we concluded that it would have been prohibitively expensive." The editors also considered turning it into a racy tabloid, but quickly rejected that idea as being contrary to the company's editorial tradition. Moreover, it is far from certain that such a drastic change in the *Star's* character would have succeeded commercially. Says Washington Publishing Analyst John Morton: "There wasn't any real solution to the *Star's* problems."

Finally, Shepley approached the *Post* two months ago and proposed that the two papers combine printing operations while maintaining separate editorial staffs.* After five discussions, the idea was abandoned. Says Shepley: "They had projections of profit margins and benefits to their paper that they wanted to ensure. We weren't able to work out a way to meet their requirements and at the same time to sustain the *Star*."

The *Star's* 1,427 employees were shocked by the prospective death of the paper they had struggled so valiantly to save. Those arriving at work early last Thursday were given the grim news by their supervisors; others heard it on their car radios or read it in a black-bordered announcement on the *Star's* front page. Said Sports Columnist Morris Siegel, 61, whose 19th anniversary with the paper coincides with its closing: "For once we beat the *Post* on the big story—damn it to hell." Editor Murray Gart (who had observed earlier: "I'm as intensely proud of the staff of the *Star* as any editor can be") presided over a wake. Staffers sipped champagne while checking the cluttered newsroom bulletin board for job openings at other papers. Late in the afternoon, a message from Katharine Graham, board chairman of the Washington Post Co., was tacked up: "Dear Murray," she wrote, "my heart is broken for you." On seeing the note, some staffers jeered.

Morale was low in recent months, partly from the strain of being on an apparently sinking ship. At the end, some *Star* hands expressed anger. Pulitzer Prizewinning Syndicated Columnist Mary McGrory, a *Star* veteran of 34 years, wrote in her column: "We're sad, but we're mad too. Now the life support system has been pulled." Her main gripe was that Time Inc. had made a commitment to spend $60 million over five years but decided to fold the paper after only 3½. Time Inc. executives point out that the $60 million unfortunately ran out well ahead of schedule, and feel the company more than met its commitment. Said Munro: "We came down here with our head held high and we're leaving with our head held high. We did a hell of a job. It didn't work." —*By Janice Castro. Reported by David S. Jackson, with other U.S. bureaus*

*The Newspaper Preservation Act of 1970 allows such arrangements when a paper in a competitive market is in danger of failing

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"Giving a child the opportunity to live a normal, productive life is what a team like Christian Children's Fund is all about. For just $18 a month you can help provide a needy child with nourishing meals, proper clothing, medical care, a chance to go to school, or whatever is needed most. You don't need to send any money right now. Just mail in the coupon below. Christian Children's Fund will send you a child's photograph and family background information.

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Photo By Barry Fitzgerald

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Christian Children's Fund, Inc.

An intoxicated trucker killed the occupant of the small car in an Oregon accident

They're MADD as Hell

A growing protest against the soft treatment of drunk drivers

One day last summer, Tommy Sexton, 15, of Bowie, Md., and some neighbors were driving home after a day of fishing, when a car driven by David Watkins swerved into their lane and hit them. Sexton was killed. Watkins, who was drunk, suffered no injuries on the highway and a mere slap on the wrist in court. He received a two-year probationary sentence and had to pay $200.

Such stories are frighteningly common. Someone is killed in a drunk-driving accident in the U.S. every 23 min., an annual toll of more than 26,000. Yet a drunk driver is rarely arrested, and the possibility of stiff punishment is remote.

At last, the American public's patience seems to be running out. Outraged parents of young victims have formed groups that are badgering legislators, police, prosecutors and judges to crack down on drunk drivers. One of the leaders of the movement is Candy Lightner, 35, of Fair Oaks, Calif. Fifteen months ago, shortly after one of her three children was killed by a drunk driver while walking in a bicycle lane, Lightner quit her job as a real estate agent to found Mothers Against Drunk Drivers (MADD). The organization now has 25 chapters in five states. Says she: "We've kicked a few pebbles, we'll turn a few stones, and eventually we'll start an avalanche."

Lobbying by MADD and similar organizations has already led several states to enact tougher laws, most of them dealing with sentencing. New York's legislature passed a bill providing a minimum $350 fine for a first drunk-driving offense ($250 even for those who bargain down to the lesser charge of "driving while ability is impaired"). A major force behind the measure was Remove Intoxicated Drivers (RID), a group formed in 1978 by Doris Aiken, 52, with a $50 contribution from her church. Says she: "Last year each drunk driver in New York paid, on the average, a $12 fine, while those who killed a deer out of season had to pay $1,500."

Many states are pulling more tipplers over to the side of the road. A new law in Michigan that allows police to detain drivers whom they suspect of drinking has increased arrests by 21% over the past year and a half. Previously, an officer either had to see an incident or find a witness to it. Maryland's arrest rate is up 109% this year, in part because of a $150,000 federal grant that pays state troopers to work overtime, particularly on weekends, to nab boozed-up motorists.

A final pressure point is the courtroom, where judges and juries have rarely imposed stiff punishment on these largely middle-class, otherwise law-abiding defendants. RID has now set up a program in New York called Courtwatch to study each judge's treatment of drunk drivers. If the judges are not tough enough, they risk RID's opposition on Election Day. Aiken claims that her group was primarily responsible for defeating a judge whose 75% conviction rate seemed too low.

Now, however, there is possibly a new obstacle to getting tough. An M.I.T. chemistry professor and a Massachusetts lawyer have concluded that since the amount of alcohol in a person's blood often increases for as long as two hours after he consumes his last drink, any test for intoxication should occur within 30 min. of the crime. Police rarely can meet that deadline. Thus many prosecutors may soon see their best evidence picked to pieces. ■

Briefs

THE LONG WAIT

One spring night in 1937, soon after Isidore Zimmerman of New York City had received a scholarship to attend Columbia University, his mother told him that the police wanted to talk to him. He reported to the local precinct and then quickly found himself in jail. One year later, Zimmerman and four other youths were sentenced to death for the first-degree murder of a police detective. All along, Zimmerman insisted that he was innocent. Then just two hours before Zimmerman was to be executed in Sing Sing's electric chair, Governor Herbert Lehman commuted his death sentence. Zimmerman went on to become a celebrated jailhouse lawyer, and in 1962, after New York State's highest court ruled that he had been the victim of perjured testimony, he was set free. Total time served: nearly 25 years.

Since the prosecutor had known that the testimony was false, Zimmerman believed that New York should compensate him for wrongful imprisonment. The doctrine of sovereign immunity bars most such suits against a state, so Zimmerman pressed the New York legislature to pass a special law allowing him to sue. Three times the legislators voted the bill, and three times then Governor Nelson Rockefeller vetoed it. Last week Governor Hugh Carey signed the fourth bill. Lawyers on both sides agree that Zimmerman is likely to win his case. The only question is whether he will be awarded as much as the $10 million he is seeking. Whatever he gets, the money will be welcome to Zimmerman, 63, who now works as a doorman at a Manhattan apartment house.

ROPING RAPISTS

Very few of the 76,000 annual rape cases in the U.S. end in conviction. One reason is the frequent lack of evidence. But Illinois prosecutors may have a remedy. Emergency room staffs in at least 220 of the state's 300 hospitals now use the Vitullo Evidence Collection Kit, named after Louis Vitullo, a former Chicago police sergeant who helped devise it. The kit comes in a book-size cardboard box and includes slides, evidence bags and labels. Nurses and doctors use the contents to collect blood samples, hairs, fingernail scrapings and bodily smears. While it is still too early to gauge the success of the kit, convictions were obtained in three early test cases in which it was used. Yet a lack of funds for the kits, which cost $5.25 each, may stop their national distribution. Much of the start-up money for the Illinois program came from the federal Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, which in 1980 became a victim of Washington budget cuts. The program has also lost its other original benefactor: the Playboy Foundation. ■

Florida: a Beastly Place

Old bones in an okra patch lead to a prehistoric zoo

When a hired hand brought in some skeletal remains unearthed on their okra farm in Archer, Fla., Ron and Pat Love asked a scientist friend to identify them. Horse bones, he said, good for nothing more than paperweights. Dissatisfied, the Loves sought a second opinion from Paleontologist S. David Webb of the Florida State Museum in Gainesville. Webb quickly determined that the bones had come not from a horse but from a short-legged rhinoceros called Teleoceras. It was a creature that had lumbered across that area of Florida millions of years ago.

Since that chance discovery in the summer of 1974, the Love homestead has become a landmark in North American paleontology. In seven years of excavation, Webb and his students have dug up—from what has been dubbed the Love Bone Bed—bits and pieces of more than 100 species of animals, many of them long extinct. All date back to the late Miocene epoch, about 9 million years ago. Among the finds: saber-toothed tigers, four-tusked mastodons, a giant camel some 18 ft. high, an extinct raccoon as big as a bear, various ancient horses and dogs —and the *Carcharodon megalodon*, a relative of the great white shark. As Ron Love puts it, "They had one hell of a zoo here."

The vestiges of that prehistoric menagerie came out of a hole about 150 ft. long, 60 ft. wide and 25 ft. deep, abutting Florida's Route 241 outside of Gainesville. It was excavated at the site of what once was a fast-moving stream that flowed into a great salt marsh along the Gulf of Mexico. Bodies of dead animals collected in the water, and the remains sank to the bottom of the stream. As layer after layer of sediment piled up, the stream eventually vanished, but the bones of the fauna were fossilized and preserved.

In years of digging into the ancient riverbed, Webb and his students sifted through more than 100 tons of clay, working thousands of hours in the sun. They also encountered other problems, like protecting the site from the curious and vandals. To drive them off, recalls Love, he would occasionally fire his bird gun. Says he: "I got the reputation for a while as a crazy farmer."

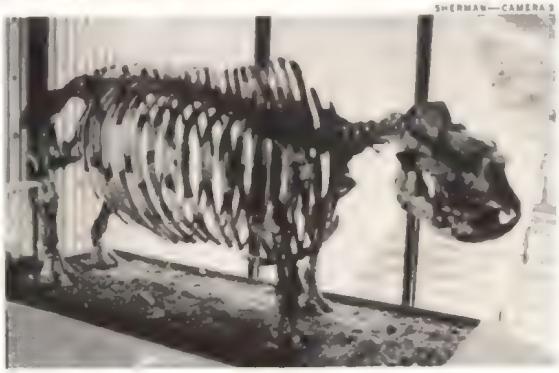
All the digging and shooting have paid off handsomely. Webb considers the Love pit one of the richest U.S. fossil finds in years, unequaled anywhere in the Southeast. Some specimens turned up in almost wholesale quantities. His team, for example, dug up so many saber-toothed tiger bones that they may help shed a totally new light on the ferocious-looking cats. Some were so young they still had baby teeth, others were 25 to 30 years old. (In appreciation of the Loves, researchers even named one new saber-tooth species after them: *Barbourofelis lovei.*)

In addition to the remains of birds, fish, turtles and crocodiles, Webb's workers found seven species of tiny extinct horses. These are among many mammals, including the saber-toothed tiger, that mysteriously disappeared from the Western Hemisphere at the end of the last ice age, about 10,000 years ago. Equines were not seen again in the New World until the Spanish reintroduced them in the 16th century. Yet other species located in the Love pit are still alive and well, even if not in Florida. The diggers, for example, identified the remains of tapirs, piglike animals that still roam the rain forests of South America and Malaysia, ancient beavers and squirrels, and even relatives of the Andean llama.

Paleontologist David Webb, right, with Assistant Diderot Gicca at work in Love Bone Bed

Many of the bones required a high order of scientific sleuthing. In 1978 one of Webb's students, Diderot Gicca, came up with a jawbone that totally baffled the team. Careful study showed it to be part of a hitherto unknown giant ancestor of the raccoon. Students also found a mastodon, an ancestral kin of the elephant, with two pairs of tusks, the lower ones resembling shovels. For a time, they were also puzzled by what seemed an unusually large (nearly 3 ft.) metacarpal bone. It belonged to a creature called *Aepycamelus major*, the giraffe camel. No less surprising were the remains of a large triple-horned ruminant, or cud-chewing animal, called Yumaceras; fossils of one of these beasts were first uncovered in Colorado in the 1930s. Says Webb: "The bones add a great deal to our knowledge of this animal, which was heavy-footed and not unlike a moose." The diggers also found so many bones of the original rhino that they were able to assemble a virtually complete skeleton. It now proudly stands guard inside the entrance of the museum on the University of Florida campus.

A couple of weeks ago, Webb and his students finally folded up their blue-and-yellow awnings for the last time. They have collected so many barrels of bones that merely sorting and categorizing them will take many more years. Says Webb: "We leave what is left to other generations. They may have different and more modern methods." Still, in spite of the work ahead, Webb is willing to take time out to listen to anyone who calls with word of another old-bone find. After all, there is no telling what that next "horse" may turn out to be. —*By Frederic Golden. Reported by Bernard Diederich/ Archer*



Reconstruction of short-legged rhinoceros Teleoceras

Out of an ancient stream, one of the richest finds in years.

Pelé strutting his stuff in *Victory:* magic *vs.* the master race

Winning Points

VICTORY
Directed by John Huston
Screenplay by Evan Jones
and Yabo Yablonsky

Half time at the soccer match: the trailing side troops wearily into the dressing room, down by three points, battered, bruised and certain that their opponents own the referee. The time is World War II, the place is Paris, and these are the underdog's underdogs: a team of P.O.W.s and concentration camp victims, recruited to play the Germans' best and, by their inevitable loss, offer some more spurious proof of Aryan superiority.

But a plot—actually *the* plot—is afoot. For the underground is literally underground, busily tunneling up into the changing room. If things go right, there will be no humiliating second half to endure: during the rest period the entire team will be spirited away. Good idea —but it reckons without simple psychological fact. In civilian life these chaps were professional athletes, for whom the only wins and losses that counted were on the playing fields. So halfway to freedom somebody says, "Wait a minute, we can beat these guys." Back up the ladder and into the stadium they go, in search of at least a moral victory and, as none of them would express it, an assertion of civilian values—their camp leaders are against cooperating in a propagandizable sporting event, all for the escape—over military necessity.

This blend of *The Great Escape* (with Sylvester Stallone in Steve McQueen's old role as the prisoner obsessed with getting out) and *Rocky* (with the whole team playing Stallone's old role) has but one aim: to convert a movie audience—typically composed of individuals lost in private fantasies—into a sports crowd, in which singular preoccupations are submerged in communal joy as the home team is cheered on to a transcendence everyone shares. With Pelé doing wondrous tricks on field, and Bill Conti's huge score blasting away underneath John Huston's superb blending of game action with the stadium's increasingly delirious response to it, *Victory* achieves its goal. Anyone who does not find himself yelling along with the extras should probably have stayed home with his Proust and bitters.

Which is not to imply that all of *Victory's* simple but highly effective values are to be found in its last half-hour. The funny, smart script does what sports pages do before any big game: provide brisk sketches of the leading participants. Max von Sydow is the German officer who conceives the contest —a gentleman anti-Nazi who thinks nations should settle their disputes in games. Michael Caine, player-coach of the Allied team, is working class and quite bedeviled by the Oxbridge types who run the escape committee and deplore people who play boys' games when there's a war on. They don't seem to realize that most of their plans for sneaking out are also boys' games. As always, these two stars are marvelously professional, and even Stallone's ego is more or less under control here. As for Pelé, no one asks him to act. He is required merely to be what he has always been: a magical figure. That he is, and he suits a movie that finally exerts its own kind of magic, not subtle, but totally winning.

—By Richard Schickel

Jungle Rot

TARZAN, THE APE MAN
Directed by John Derek
Screenplay by Tom Rowe and
Gary Goddard

Bo Derek is an engineering marvel —translucent eyes, enigmatic smile, buoyant breasts on a lithe, lovely frame. But there is a stillness, an emptiness to Bo's beauty that suggests that her proper medium may well be a *Playboy* photo spread. In movement, in movies, beauty is not enough—not even for a sex goddess. It must be animated by a glimmer of spirit, experience, desire. Inside the Bo ideal should be a real woman. Not yet. Not at all. She is form without content.

Now Bo, as producer and star, and her husband John, as director and cinematographer, have basted together a new *Tarzan,* which the descendants of Author Edgar Rice Burroughs tried futilely to suppress. The story is familiar and faithful: Jane Parker (Bo) and her great white hunter father (Richard Harris) trek through the jungle and find the Ape Man (Miles O'Keeffe). But the plot is so much crinoline for Bo to shuck before cavorting *au naturel* with Tarzan or monkeying around with wildlife.

"I wallow in me!" trumpets Harris, and he does indeed: he wades hippo-deep through the rank mud of his loopy monologues. The generously muscled O'Keeffe utters not an intelligible word—only Tarzan's patented bull-elephant yodel. As for Bo's acting, she sucks in her stomach to look pretty and chews her cuticles to suggest fear. Alas, all the displays of Bo's body cannot divert attention from the ludicrous ineptness of the enterprise. Nothing breaks a tumid erotic spell faster than giggling.

—By Richard Corliss

Bo Derek in *Tarzan, the Ape Man*

No real woman inside the Bo ideal.

Hobson's Choice

ARTHUR
Directed and Written by Steve Gordon

Bertie Wooster and Jeeves—P.G. Wodehouse's immortal idler and stiff-upper-wit servant—are back, living in New York City under assumed names. The former, in the person of the title character, is played by adorable Dudley Moore. The latter, known here as Hobson, has been updated by Sir John Gielgud to the point where he can deliver an obscene riposte if need be. But the basic joke remains the same: a rich man, perpetually tiddly from drink, gets incompetent self into various muddles; unflappable gentleman's gentleman gets him out. It has always been an excellent joke, and Writer-Director Gordon has added a dash of sentiment to their relationship, trusting Sir John's expertise to keep things taut and tart, which he does admirably.

Arthur's love life is also a smidge busier than Bertie's. There is, of course, an arranged match with a frightful rich girl (Jill Eikenberry) to be artfully avoided. But there is a true love to be claimed. She is played, with agreeable lack of mannerism, by Liza Minnelli as a waitress-actress–sometime shoplifter. It is nice to see the rich being silly again, the common people sensible, as in '30s screwball farces. And to hear exchanges like this: Arthur: "I think I'll take a bath." Hobson: "I'll alert the media." Moviegoers are hereby alerted to some good fun. —*R.S.*

Howler

WOLFEN
Directed by Michael Wadleigh
Screenplay by David Eyre and Michael Wadleigh

A rich-as-Rockefeller tycoon and his ice-blond wife are found murdered, their throats torn open but no trace of metal from a weapon in the wounds. Who could have savaged them? Wolves. Or, rather, American Indians who have "shifted shape" and become supernatural "wolfen." They hunt in tribes in decaying slums, preying on "the diseased and those who won't be missed." They never come downtown—until the tycoon's urban renewal plan threatens their turf.

From this nonsense emerges an eerie, seductive thriller that works equally as a mordant police procedural, an occult horror story and an ambivalent look at aborigines fighting for tradition in the technological age. Dialogue is cynical and the cast beguilingly quirky, notably Albert Finney as a detective and Gregory Hines as a manic, mock-suave coroner. Visual effects evoke for the audience the heightened senses of a preternatural predator. Wadleigh may take that identification too far: he ends hoping we will want the wolves to win. —*By William A. Henry III*

Glenda Jackson as Stevie Smith

Not Drowning

STEVIE
Directed by Robert Enders
Screenplay by Hugh Whitemore

Stevie Smith was an English poet who dwelt almost all her 69 spinster years (1902-71) in a grubby suburb of London. She spoke fondly of death as "a servant" who comes when called, but she flubbed a suicide attempt. Her one beloved companion, an aunt, thought her writings were bosh. In her best-known poem she wrote: "I was further out than you thought/ And not waving but drowning." A movie about Stevie Smith seems unlikely, but this one is strangely appealing.

Stevie awkwardly mingles cinematic language (flashbacks in sepia) and theatrical style (asides spoken into the camera). The core of the film—the domestic life of Stevie and her "lion aunt"—is insistently naturalistic, yet *Stevie* is as cluttered with brickbat metaphors as the cottage parlor is with bric-a-brac. But if the camera eye too often blinks, the film's mind and heart are humanly acute. The dialogue deftly threads domestic chitchat and Big Themes: the detachment of the artist, the terrifying uncontrollability of life. And at the film's center is the simple trust binding a girl and her aunt.

As the aunt, Mona Washbourne has only to loosen her hair and widen her eyes to be transformed from a bustling peasant into a feeble dotard, nodding off after lunch. Glenda Jackson has specialized in self-absorbed eccentrics, but, as Stevie, she makes the familiar lilts and snappings sound new. Through the subtlest shadings of this fiercely independent soul, Jackson gradually recedes from the viewer's awareness, and the gentle Stevie takes over. The film's movement toward American release has been even more gradual: it was made in 1978. Now *Stevie* is here, not drowning but sailing with two splendid characters and performers. —*W.A.H.*

Milestones

MARRIED. Gene Autry, 73, former singing cowboy star who now owns the California Angels baseball team and a string of TV and radio stations; and **Jacqueline Ellam,** 39, a former vice president of the Cathedral City, Calif., branch of Security Pacific National Bank; he for the second time, she for the first; in Burbank, Calif. Autry, whose first wife Ina Mae died last year, met Ellam 15 years ago when he went to her bank to negotiate a loan.

DIED. Carol Fox, 55, feisty, determined cofounder of the Lyric Opera of Chicago, who, as its general manager for 25 years, helped build it into one of the country's leading opera companies; of a heart attack; in Chicago. A former voice student, Fox gave Maria Callas her U.S. debut and brought so many top-ranked Italian singers to the Lyric that the company was dubbed "La Scala West."

DIED. Fernand Spaak, 57, Belgian diplomat who headed the European Community Commission's delegation to Washington from 1975 to 1980 and who in February became chief of staff to Commission President Gaston Thorn in Brussels; of wounds received when he was shot with a hunting rifle, apparently by his estranged wife of 28 years, Anna-Maria, who then appears to have committed suicide by electrocuting herself in the bath; in Ixelles, Belgium. The son of Paul-Henri Spaak, the former Belgian Prime Minister and Foreign Minister who played a major role in the formation of the European Community and the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, Spaak helped formulate the Community's position at last week's Ottawa summit, for which he was about to depart when he was killed.

DIED. Gabriel Hauge, 67, eloquent, scholarly banker and top economic aide to President Dwight Eisenhower; of cancer; in Manhattan. The Minnesota-born economist taught at Harvard and Princeton before becoming a speechwriter in Eisenhower's 1952 presidential campaign. Less conservative than most of the President's advisers, he opposed Senator Joseph McCarthy's anti-Communist crusade and favored liberalized foreign trade policies. He joined the Manufacturers Trust Co. in 1958, presided over its 1961 merger with the Hanover Bank, and was chairman of Manufacturers Hanover Trust, the fourth largest U.S. bank, from 1971 to 1979.

DIED. Abram Kardiner, 89, American psychoanalyst who in 1930 co-founded the New York Psychoanalytic Institute, the first psychiatric training school in the U.S., and was one of the last persons living to have been analyzed by Sigmund Freud; in Easton, Conn. A leader in the "environmental" school of psychiatry, which stresses the interplay of the psyche and culture, Kardiner once described Freud—his teacher and analyst in 1921—as both a "genius," and "a regular guy."

1981 U.S. GOV'T REPORT:

CARLTON LOWEST.

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Today's Carlton has even less tar than the version tested for the Government's 1981 Report. Despite new low tar brands introduced since—**Carlton still lowest.**

Box—less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nicotine.

Box: Less than 0.01 mg. "tar", 0.002 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Soft Pack: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '81.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Mirella Freni Tries the Slalom

Europe's great lyric soprano is expanding her career—maybe

First there are the eyes, great brown pools that can reflect a doe's yearning or flash with Mediterranean fire. The dark blond hair is pulled back, exposing a face still vulnerably cherubic at 46. The nose is a little broad, the lips full. Vibrant and attractive, she could be a successful businesswoman or a television newscaster. But then Mirella Freni opens her mouth to sing. And suddenly there is only the voice—the voice of the world's foremost lyric soprano.

In an age when many singers stretch their repertories by taking on roles unsuited to their voices and thus hasten the end of their careers, the Italian-born Freni has remained close to her lyric roots. She comes from the world of the poor, consumptive Mimi in Puccini's *La Bohème* and the sparkling, scheming Susanna in Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro*. Despite taking on some distinctly heavier parts, mostly Verdi heroines, in recent years—Aida, Desdemona in *Otello* and Elisabeth in *Don Carlos*—she is still rightly regarded as the finest Mimi and Susanna around. "The dramatic soprano voice is big, and for the coloratura you must have the high notes," says Freni. "But the lyric voice is about quality of expression. It must sing easily and softly in the high notes. I think I am really pure lyric."

Freni is familiar to American audiences from several excellent popular opera recordings—*La Bohème* and *Madama Butterfly* with Supertenor Luciano Pavarotti, *Aida* and *Don Carlos* with Tenor José Carreras, all conducted by Herbert von Karajan—as well as from films of *Bohème* and *Butterfly* shown here in 1965 and 1976. She captivated audiences at her U.S. debut as Mimi at the Metropolitan Opera in 1965 with her technical accomplishment and winsome vocal timbre. But Freni's talent still far outshines her American reputation. Her career has been primarily European: between 1968 and 1976 she did not sing in the U.S. at all. True, there were what she describes as "minor tax problems" with the Internal Revenue Service in 1966, but they were not what kept her away. The reason, she says, was motherhood.

"When my daughter was a little girl, I try to stay in Europa, to stay home with her," says the reluctant diva in her own Italo-English. Indeed, Freni temporarily quit the stage after the birth in 1956 of her daughter Micaela, born the year after Mirella's professional operatic debut and named for her role in Bizet's *Carmen*. It took two years of appeals by her husband, Pianist Leone Magiera, her coach and accompanist, to persuade her to resume her career. "Later, I am singing with La Scala, Covent Garden, Paris, Vienna, and it is difficult to come to America, I am so busy. Now I try, *come si dice*, to do a little slalom." She makes a wavy motion with one hand, skirting imaginary obstacles to illustrate the difficulty of fitting the U.S. into her European schedule. But she will: a *Bohème* in Houston and a *Romeo et Juliette* in Chicago later this year, Mascagni's obscure *Il Piccolo Marat* at the Met in 1983.

WALTER H. SCOTT

Soprano Mirella Freni sings at Tanglewood

"I love to sing, not to have a big career. I am free."

One of her infrequent American appearances occurred earlier this month at the Tanglewood festival in Lenox, Mass. In recital, the Freni voice was heard in its full splendor, as tonally pure as ever, colored with a golden sheen but possessing that greater richness that comes with age to singers who have taken care of their voices. In a program of opera arias and art songs, this new texture enhanced what was already a remarkable instrument. Her impassioned performance of *Tu che la vanità* from *Don Carlos* showed that she can sing more demanding music without forcing her tone or altering the quality of her voice.

This has come as a surprise to those who have always thought of her as essentially a lyric soprano, including Freni. Says she: "When I started, I thought Mozart and *La Bohème* would be the maximum for me." For challenging her to expand her range she credits Karajan, the controversial, magisterial Austrian conductor who has played Svengali to her Trilby. It was with Karajan at La Scala that she came to international attention, singing Mimi in Franco Zeffirelli's 1963 production of *La Bohème*, and it has been with Karajan at his Salzburg Festival that she premiered some of her weightier roles, like Aida in 1979. "He said to me, 'Mirella, I want you to sing Aida. You can do the line I want. I don't like Aida screaming.' " After the first rehearsal, the orchestra broke into applause, and Karajan embraced her. He told her, "Mirella, if I could be a singer I would sing just like you."

People have been applauding Freni since she was five years old. First to recognize her talent was her uncle, who noticed that little Mirella could sing along with his recording of *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Later, Freni recalls: "When I was 10½, my uncle remembered that I could do this, and he put on the record for my father. He said, 'Please, Mirella,' and they discovered I had the voice." Two years later, she won a national competition with her singing of Puccini's *Un bel dì*. One of the judges, Tenor Beniamino Gigli, advised her not to rush her career. Said Gigli: "You are young. Don't force your voice." Wisely, she waited until 1955 to make her formal debut.

Freni retains a low profile in the high-strung operatic world. She and Magiera quietly separated after Micaela was married, and Freni now shares a Milan apartment with Basso Nicolai Ghiaurov. Says Freni of their relationship: "He can help me, just as I can help him. We try to appease each other with love and humanity."

Not for her is the traveling publicity circus of Modena's other great singer born in 1935, Pavarotti. "I am very happy for Luciano, he is like a brother to me. But it is not my character. I like my privacy. I enjoy singing, I enjoy creating something with my voice. But when it is finished, it is finished." The great American hype machine is wasted on Mirella Freni.

"Sometimes I think I am really strange," she says, her eyes gazing off into the distance. "I never think to have a big career. When the time comes, I hope to find the *forza* to retire in time. I say to my daughter, 'Micaela, you take me out of the stage when you hear it is the end.' She say, 'Mamma, don't worry!' I love to sing, not to have a big career. I am free. I choose the quality of my life. And I have done it."

—By Michael Walsh

MICHAEL DRESSLER

Teen-agers studying programming at Computer Camp Inc., near Santa Barbara, Calif.

Camps for Computers

Snakes and frogs are discarded for BASIC and PASCAL

The summer camp in the woodsy countryside near Moodus, Conn., has the usual hiking trails, volleyball courts and swimming area. But the youthful campers are reluctant to test the great outdoors. Says Director Michael Zabinski: "We encourage the kids to go swimming, but we don't require it. After all, it's air-conditioned inside and it's hot and muggy outside."

Coming from most camp directors that statement would be heresy. But it is a typical attitude among staffers and their charges at the nation's newest form of summer retreat: computer camps. There, instead of naming wild flowers and singing *One Hundred Bottles of Beer on the Wall*, boys and girls ages ten to 18 devise electronic games and learn computer languages like BASIC and PASCAL. At Computer Camp East in East Haddam, Conn., Vit Henisz, 12, articulates the campers' current philosophy: "Time for recreation is forced on us. Computer time is not."

A full enrollment of 80 youngsters is expected this summer for each of four fortnightly sessions at California's Computer Camp Inc., the nation's largest, located in Los Padres National Forest outside Santa Barbara. Now in its second year, the camp was created by Denison Bollay, 28, who became addicted to computers at age 13. About one-fourth of the Los Padres campers are familiar with computers before they arrive (some bring their own home computers with them); for most, though, the two-week immersion is their first close encounter with the machines. "We've got a computer at my school," explains red-haired Karl Kuellmer, 14, of Mountain Ranch, Calif., "but no one knows how to use it." Founder Bollay sees his camp as a response to what he terms the "agonizingly slow pace" of school instruction in the subject. "In the future," he says, "those who are not computer-literate will be at a terrible disadvantage. Training kids to work with computers is like training them to read—it's that critical."

Tense moment for youthful camper working at an Apple II in East Haddam, Conn.

"Time for recreation is forced on us. Computer time is not."

Each morning at breakfast in the oak dining room of Bollay's camp, youngsters sign up for at least two sessions of such traditional camp activities as hiking, boating, swimming or horseback riding. "We've got to get them into the sunshine some of the time," concedes Director Garry White. But the chief focus of the camp is on computers. In three daily 90-minute sessions, beginners study BASIC and introductory programming; more advanced students take courses in robotics, graphics and computer-generated speech. During free time—once used to watch snakes eat frogs or to flirt with the waterfront counselors—campers play games on any of the 42 Atari, Apple, Texas Instruments and Commodore home computers.

After several days of intensive instruction (including homework), the campers choose their own computer project. Last week, for example, Peter Elliman, 12, was trying to design a program to analyze taxes for his mother, a Houston real estate agent. Halley Hupp, 13, of Newport Beach, Calif., said, "I want to make a C.S.I. [Computer System Instruction] program for teaching kids like us how to use some graphics and key words." Counselors give the youthful programmers high marks. Says Instructor Mitch Williams, 22, a computer-science graduate from the University of California at Santa Barbara: "I'm glad the kids are not too mathematically advanced or I'd have trouble keeping up with them."

Though there are only a few computer camps at present, operators are planning a series of new ones for 1982. Arthur Michals, who opened Connecticut's Computer Camp East this summer, received 2,000 inquiries after announcing the camp in newspaper ads. He plans to open a Houston branch next year. This week California's Bollay is launching the first of five one-week sessions at St. John's Beaumont School near Old Windsor, England; capacity enrollment is expected. In the U.S., the cost of the camps ranges between $300 and $400 per week. Though these campers may be more computer-wise than their peers, they have not entirely abandoned tradition. Epidemics of short-sheeting coexist with robotics and PASCAL. And, like campers everywhere, eleven-year-old Evan Katzman of Homestead, Fla., is quick to give a visitor the classic rating of camp food. Says he: "It's the pits."

—By Kenneth M. Pierce. Reported by Cheryl Crooks/Santa Barbara

Reflections in a Bloodshot Eye

In New York, the pessimistic vision of the late Philip Guston

Nearly everyone who was concerned with American abstract expressionism—critics, curators, the artists themselves—agreed on one thing: the movement, like its godparent, surrealism, was all about freedom. In Jackson Pollock's drips lay written the unfettered play of the mind, the swift "existential" decisions of the hand. Because it incarnated liberty, some thought, abstract expressionism transcended style. This cherished notion was very much a part of its time, a fixture of the '50s, like James Dean, the beats or the vogue for Camusian outsiders. In later years, it was more honored in the breach than in the observance; nobody can go on reinventing himself forever, and some of the longer-lived survivors like Clyfford Still kept painting the same picture over and over again, while uttering jeremiads against conformity. One artist in particular, though, did change—and was not thanked for it. He was Philip Guston, whose retrospective of 106 works spanning 50 years from 1930 to 1980 is now on view at the Whitney Museum in New York City.

What Guston did was turn into a figurative painter in his late middle age. This need not have looked bad in itself: the human figure, in various states of smearing and dissection, had long been visible in the work of his friend Willem de Kooning. But the paintings Guston began to make in the late '60s, and first showed in 1970, looked so unlike his established work that they seemed a willful and even crass about-face. Instead of the Gustons the art world knew—abstract paintings with vaporous, knitted surfaces of pearl gray and subtle pinks, like fragments of Monet lily ponds with hints of Turner's clouds and sea fogs—they were, of all unlikely things, political images: fat Ku Kluxers riding around in cars, nooses, stubbled faces in claustrophobic, smoke-filled rooms. For several years before that, not much had been seen of Guston's work; he was thought to have run out of steam, and so his new work was treated as a gesture of desperation, an aesthete's efforts to look like a stumblebum. If anyone had suggested in those days that the figurative Gustons would exert a pervasive influence on American art ten years later, the idea would have seemed incredible.

Yet it may have turned out that way. In the intervening decade, there has been a riotous growth of deliberately clumsy, punkish figurative painting in America—paintings that ignore decorum or precision in the interest of a cunningly rude, expressionist-based diction. Quite clearly, Guston is godfather to this manner, and for this reason his work excites more interest among painters under 35 than that of any of his contemporaries. He would never have gained this following had he stayed abstract, and it is sadly ironic that he died last year, at age 66, shortly after the current retrospective opened in San Francisco, but too soon to enjoy the enthusiasm it is stirring in New York.

Need one add that there is no naiveté in Guston's figurative work that is not deliberate, and no clumsiness that is not feigned? Between the early and the late '70s the scope of his vision and the resonance of his images deepened steadily: those phalanxes of knobby knees and boots like Uccello horseshoes, those bloodshot cyclopean eyes and gut piles of pink carcasses acquired, despite their comic-strip mannerisms of drawing, a degree of pessimism that verged on the tragic. Guston's *Head and Bottle*, 1975, with its profile of a face (a self-portrait?) violently compressed into an eye and a chin prickled with a bum's gray stubble, is absurd in a sense; but the conviction with which Guston carries it off is worrisome and angry, full of a Céline-like misery.

Toward the end of his life, Guston was painting the world as a charnel house of gross dreams and irreconcilable conflicts: no satisfaction anywhere, except in the creamy, impasted paint, which remained as lavish as in his abstract paintings. The essential Guston is all there in a work like *Entrance*, 1979. It is about intrusion and helplessness, the mind's impotence to fend off its demons. A door opens, and in rolls a mass of Guston's standard images—the trampling, dismembered limbs, nasty enough even without the bugs that advance with them across the floor. Then one realizes that the thing is a sly parody of a triumphal procession; its remote ancestors are the Mantegna *Triumph of Caesar* cartoons at Hampton Court, and, behind them, the tradition of the Roman battle sarcophagus.

Klutzy and learned, embarrassing and quizzical, eloquently obsessed with inarticulacy—such was Guston's art. "Human consciousness moves," he remarked in the mid-'60s, "but it is not a leap: it is one inch. One inch is a small jump, but that jump is everything. You go way out, and then you have to come back—to see if you can move that inch." As the paintings prove, he could.

—By Robert Hughes

***Entrance*, 1979: a world of gross dreams and irreconcilable conflicts**

***Head and Bottle*, 1975: eloquently obsessed with inarticulacy**

Imp of Paradox

MISALLIANCE *by G.B. Shaw*

Bernard Shaw is one of the few preachers whose sermons wake you up. The stage is his pulpit. It is also his concert hall, ballroom and battlefield.

He is a drawing-room soapboxer—but what a magical box and what an enchanting drawing room! Here, he conducts words as if they were grace notes from Mozart or thunderclaps from Wagner. He leads the dance of ideas as if it were a minuet of the mind. He deploys conflicting personalities like a field marshal and has them lob paradoxes at each other as if they were hand grenades.

DONNA SVENNEVIK

Bosco and Elliott in *Misalliance*

The way of a hot mind with a maiden idea.

Shaw is up to all these tricks in *Misalliance*, one of his wildly irrepressible comedies. The drawing room belongs to John Tarleton (Philip Bosco), a self-made millionaire. Tarleton is an omnivorous reader and an avid fox hunter of ideas. When he spots one, his shout is not "Yoicks," but "Read Kipling"—"Read Dickens"—"Read Ibsen"—"Read Mrs. Browning." Of course, being Shavians, Tarleton and the eight other whiz-tongued characters in the play have no time to read. Wittily, polemically, almost lyrically, they talk talk talk talk talk. This exuberant cascade engulfs such subjects as parents and children, the guerrilla war between the sexes, love and marriage, feminism, socialism and capitalism, the new technology (circa 1909) and how to tell a gentleman from a cad.

Naturally, the sounds of an upstaged plot line can scarcely be heard in this debater's Valhalla. Tarleton's daughter Hypatia (Jeanne Ruskin) is engaged to a simp named Bentley Summerhays (Keith McDermott), but she is restive and parched for adventure—which drops out of the sky when an airplane crashes into the greenhouse.

Enter the handsome aviator (Peter Coffield) and his passenger, the daredevil Polish acrobat Lina Szczepanowska (Patricia Elliott). Shaw's totally liberated New Woman. The third unexpected guest comes wielding a revolver. Gunner (Anthony Heald) proves to be Tarleton's illegitimate son, bent on revenge. This gives Shaw a chance to play the dialectical game of caste-and-mouse. Inevitably, Hypatia gets the aviator to chase her till she catches him. "Papa, buy the brute for me," she purrs to Tarleton. Papa does.

This Roundabout Theater revival is scintillating. Top honors must go to Stephen Porter, whose direction is lucid, polished and springy. His performers shine. Inside Tarleton's paunchy "ridiculous old shopkeeper," Bosco releases an intrepid explorer of the intellect. Elliott's "Polish lady" is a feminine blowtorch, and Heald's Gunner is infallibly on key, whether arrogant, cringing or crying drunk. As ever, the superstar is G.B.S., that Irish imp of genius. —*By T.E. Kalem*

Off and Running

MARCH OF THE FALSETTOS
Music and Lyrics by William Finn

In horse-racing parlance, this musical has shown "early foot." Breaking out of the gate in April without an official opening, *Falsettos* has been S.R.O. ever since, and moves to a larger theater in late August. Broadway producers have lined the aisles, and, at 29, Composer-Lyricist William Finn is a mini-celebrity.

In flavor, *March of the Falsettos* has an exhilarating champagne tang; in substance, it carries the weight of a cork. In an operatic mode, sans dialogue, Finn somewhat erratically unveils the bittersweet saga of Marvin (Michael Rupert), who divorces his wife Trina (Alison Fraser) to be with his male lover Whizzer Brown (Stephen Bogardus). As Marvin's owl-eyed young son Jason (James Kushner) puts it, "My father's a homo/ My mother's not thrilled at all."

However, Marvin is innately domestic ("I want a tight-knit family"), and through the agency of a psychiatric guru, Mendel, played in an excruciatingly droll fashion by Chip Zien, a leaky roof is kept over all heads. From the opening number, *Four Jews in a Room Bitching*, the humor is spikily and spicily urban and ethnic. The actors are spirited, and Director James Lapine's tempo is stopwatch crisp. In astringence and cleverness, Finn is the child of Stephen Sondheim. In the current musical theater, no one could choose a better master or pay an apter tribute. —*T.E.K.*

Swing Quartet

KEY EXCHANGE
by Kevin Wade

Three bicyclists zip around the stage of off-Broadway's Orpheum Theater in a play that concerns the nimble revolutions of the heart. Philip (Ben Masters) and Lisa (Brooke Adams) are lovers. As free spirits in the modern kingdom of swing, they do not live together. But Lisa would like to be much less free. When she proposes an exchange of apartment keys, the specter of impending matrimonial claustrophobia chills Philip. Michael (Mark Blum), a chance friend, has a reverse problem. His unseen bride of less

Masters, Blum and Adams in *Key Exchange*

Close New Yorky encounters of the sexes.

than a month has deserted him for a fling with her music teacher.

On successive summer afternoons in Central Park, the plot takes an hourglass turn. Lisa gradually breaks away for an affair with another man, and Philip is amazingly desolated. A night on the town so considerably assuages Michael's grief that when his wife calls up to tell him she is coming home, he is not sure that he wants her back.

Making his playwrighting debut, Kevin Wade, 27, displays a spry, spare way with words. He has a sharp New Yorky eye for character and the ironic vagaries of contemporary man-woman relationships. *Key Exchange* is tart, funny and tender, with an undertow of the erotic, and the cast is expert and winning.

Spinning as swiftly as a bicycle wheel, Barnet Kellman's direction unerringly maintains the taut tempo of the work. The W.P.A. (Workshop of the Players Art) Theater has brought us, in Wade, a bona fide playwrighting find. —*T.E.K.*

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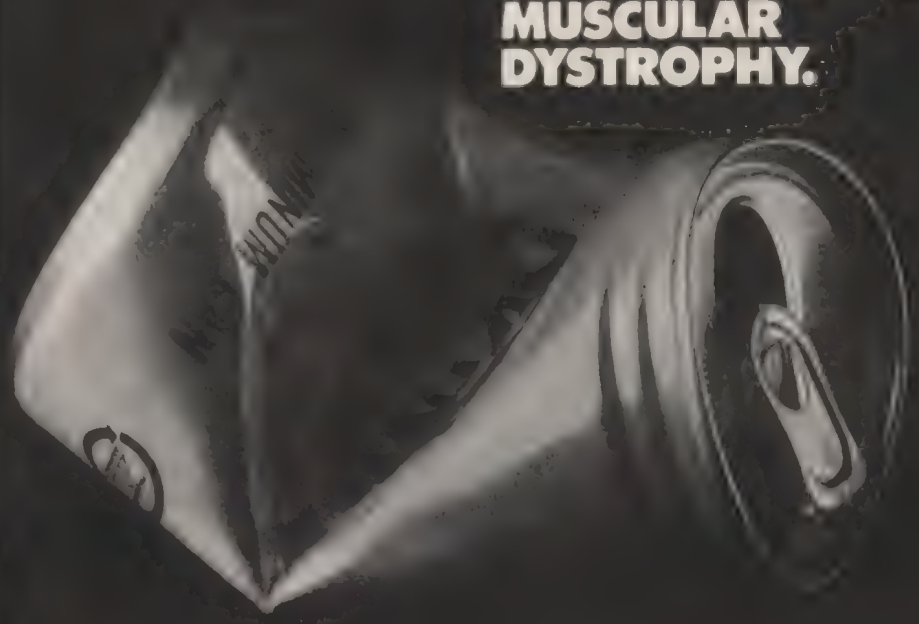

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Behind the Huck Finn Face

THE EISENHOWER DIARIES *Edited by Robert H. Ferrell; Norton; $19.95*

"He merely has to smile at you," admitted crusty Field Marshal Montgomery, "and you trust him at once." But if that grin became as famous as the *Mona Lisa's*, it was also as enigmatic. Behind the aging Huckleberry Finn face was as shrewd and calculating a mind as has ever won a war or run a country. Dwight David Eisenhower, his diaries make clear, could have given a few lessons in statecraft to Machiavelli.

The diaries begin Dec. 27, 1935, shortly after he arrived in Manila to help Douglas MacArthur build a Philippine defense force. He was 45 and a major, with dubious prospects for advancement; like Grant before Fort Sumter, he was waiting for events. The last entry is dated March 14, 1967, two years before his death. Again like Grant, he had been elevated to the presidency—but served with far greater success. In 1962 Historian Arthur Schlesinger Sr. asked 75 prominent "students of American history" to rate the Presidents up to 1961. Eisenhower, the 34th and last in line, came in 22nd, just before Andrew Johnson. (Grant and Harding were at the bottom.) Nineteen years and six Chief Executives later, a school of revisionist historians is working to raise Ike's stature. With good reason.

Eisenhower's major virtue, which appeared less important in 1962 than it does now, was a sense of proportion; he had an instinctive knowledge of what could be done and, more important, what could not be done. As far back as 1951, for example, when the French were fighting in Viet Nam, he foresaw nothing but swamps. "I'm convinced that no military victory is possible in that kind of theater," he noted. In 1955 members of his Cabinet predicted imminent war with Red China in the Formosa Strait. Ike knew better: "I have so often been through these periods of strain that I have become accustomed to the fact that most of the calamities that we anticipate really never occur."

This cold practicality sometimes made him appear colorless and without conviction. But he frequently clashed with colleagues, even with MacArthur, recording the general's "regular shouting tirades," and acidly observing that MacArthur "likes his boot lickers."

This ironic detachment was precisely what appealed to Army Chief of Staff George Marshall, who in 1942 jumped Ike over 366 more senior officers to make him Supreme Commander of Allied forces in Europe. He was the ideal choice to lead contentious allies: few others could have withstood the oversized egos of a Churchill, a De Gaulle or a Patton. Ike merely smiled and confided his frustrations to paper. His strongest language was reserved for the head of the U.S. Navy, Admiral Ernest King. "One thing that might help win this war is to get someone to shoot King," he wrote. "He's the antithesis of cooperation, a deliberately rude person, which means he's a mental bully."

General MacArthur and aide, Major Eisenhower, 1932

In 1943, months before the Normandy invasion, Patton remarked that "Ike wants to be President so badly you can taste it." If so, he did not tell his diary, in which he expressed the same indifference to political office that he professed in public. The only thing that could sway him, he said, was a call to duty. Yet Patton appears to have been right: he either knew Ike better than Ike knew himself, or Eisenhower, always careful, was not confiding his true emotions to pages that in some cases were dictated to his secretary. In either case, the seeming lack of interest was a master stroke, establishing him as a man above mere politics.

When Truman succeeded F.D.R., he said that he felt as if "two planets and the whole constellation" had fallen on him. Eisenhower was a good bit more relaxed when he took over from Truman: "My first day at the President's desk. Plenty of worries and difficult problems. But such has been my portion for a long time—the result is that this just seems like a continuation of all I've been doing since July 1941—even before that."

Except for Grant, Ike was the only Republican President to hold office for two full terms, but these diaries will not be of much comfort to ideological and defense-minded Republicans. His harshest words as President were reserved for right-wing ideologues, and he fought back all attempts to repeal the New Deal. "Human progress," he wrote, "is possible only as extremes are avoided and solutions to problems are found in a great middle way." He also warned against giving too much to the military: "Excessive expenditures for nonproductive items could, in the long run, destroy the American economy." He kept his word. In eight years his Pentagon budget varied scarcely a jot.

Unfortunately, Eisenhower was not a faithful diarist, and many presidential and personal crises went unremarked. He rarely confided his emotions, even to himself, and his writing, though workmanlike, is usually as flat as the plains of Kansas, where he grew up. When he was emo-

Excerpt

"March 21, 1942
Yesterday I got very angry and filled a page with language that this morning I've 'expurgated.' Anger cannot win, it cannot even think clearly. In this respect [General] Marshall puzzles me a bit. I've never seen a man who apparently develops a higher pressure of anger when he encounters some piece of stupidity than does he. Yet . . . he returns so quickly to complete 'normalcy,' that I'm certain he does it for effect. At least he doesn't get angry in the sense I do—I blaze for an hour! So, for many years I've made it a religion never to indulge myself, but yesterday I failed.

October 5, 1951
Letters from John Cowles and Lucius Clay are purely political. I'm amused to note that even good friends finally fall prey to the idea that anyone would want to be President. Not me."

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[2]Social Security was never *intended* to be more than a basic system supplemented by private pensions and individual savings. The price for forgetting this has been high and promises to get higher: combined employer/employee FICA taxes on our grandchildren's salaries could reach 25%. Of course, there are alternatives. Social Security could increase the official retirement age, pay benefits based on government-determined need, or simply ... *reduce benefits in general!*

[3]Two-thirds of small businesses surveyed in 1978 offered no pension plans at all. One reason: Typically, big employers can write off 46¢ in taxes for every pension dollar they contribute, while most small ones can only write off about 20¢. In some cases, they can't write off anything.

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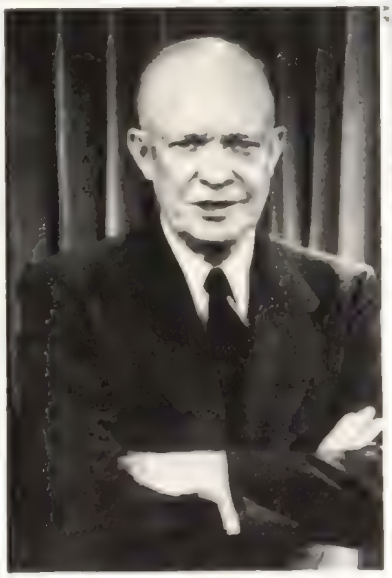


President Eisenhower, 1954

An instinctive sense of proportion.

tional, as on the death of his father, he could be poignant. "I'm proud he was my father," he noted. "My only regret is that it was always so difficult to let him know the great depth of my affection for him." Of his wife Mamie and his son John he said almost nothing. The diaries, and the histories that are now emerging, are beginning to reveal Eisenhower, the adept politician. The man behind the smile remains an enigma still. —*By Gerald Clarke*

Yankee-Panky

MR. AMERICAN
by George MacDonald Fraser
Simon & Schuster; 557 pages; $16.95

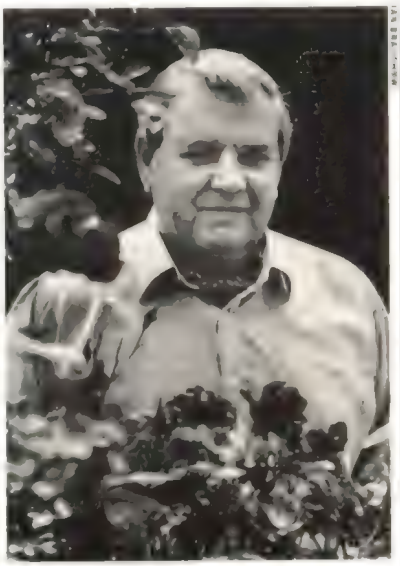
This side of Browning's April, the Edwardian era was the best of times to be in England, especially if one was well heeled and of sportive bent. The nation basked in the golden autumn of *Pax Britannica*, with almost nothing to grouse about but the grouse (not enough of them). For Americans who could afford the fare, the country was the social and cultural equivalent of a well-stuffed hamper from Fortnum & Mason. So is *Mr. American*, a splendidly entertaining English adventure novel of the old school.

Mark J. Franklin, the protagonist of George MacDonald Fraser's new book, mines deep rewards on his arrival in London in 1909. A wealthy, enigmatic figure of taciturnity and gangling good looks, the Westerner has come to England to explore the roots his forebears pulled up in 1642. He settles in as squire of the ancestral village, Castle Lancing, is accepted at the local pub, marries into the aristocracy, and even becomes a passing pal of the rotund monarch his intimates refer to as "Kingie." Mr. Franklin, as the author calls him, ostensibly dug his huge fortune from a silver mine at Tonopah, Nev. Gradually, though, it emerges that this sober, self-educated man had earlier been a desperado, a gunman allied with Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. Inexorably, his scapegrace past catches up with the *nouveau* aristocrat of Norfolk. Fortunately, he has thought to pack his two .44 Remingtons.

Throughout, life in town and country is laced with sundry subplots involving rogues, bullies, detectives, tarts and popinjays, as well as a few sterling characters ranging from a Cantabrigian historian to a gentleman's gentleman, who almost rates a novel by himself. Young Churchill makes an appearance. The suffragists and the Irish troubles and Kaiser Wilhelm crowd in, sometimes hilariously. Edward VII comes across —accurately—as a spoiled, imperious near Nero who nonetheless had a regal way with bridge, economics and foreign policy. The novel ends in 1914, four years after Edward's death, as the honeyed England of Rupert Brooke's young dreams slides toward the nightmare of Wilfred Owen's trenches.

Author Fraser, 56, an excellent popular historian (*The Steel Bonnets*) as well as a prolific screenwriter (*The Three— and Four—Musketeers*), is best known for his seven *Flashman* novels, the saga of a Falstaffian poltroon who for sheer caddishness has no equal in contemporary literature. Like the *Flashman* mock memoirs, which skewer the Victorian scene with such wealth of detail that many American reviewers at first thought them to be authentic historical documents, *Mr. American* teems with minutiae ranging from the price of the London & Northwestern train trip from Liverpool to London (just under $6, first class) to details of the Countess of Cardigan's *Recollections* (scandalous).

This could all be trivial and tedious, but in Fraser's grasp it is convincing. Not the least of the book's charms is the return, at 87 and only slightly mellowed, of the redoubtable Flashy: that is, Brigadier General Sir Harry Paget Flashman, V.C., K.C.B., K.C.I.E., Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, winner of the U.S. Medal of Honor, and the San Serafino Order of Purity and Truth (Third Class). The last is one award the old bounder has never explained. One can only hope that Flashy will fill in that gap in *Mr. American II*. —*By Michael Demarest*



George MacDonald Fraser

Grousing about grousing.

Editors' Choice

FICTION: Dad, *William Wharton* • Ellis Island & Other Stories, *Mark Helprin* • Outside Over There, *Maurice Sendak* • Riddley Walker, *Russell Hoban* • The Testament, *Elie Wiesel* • The White Hotel, *D.M Thomas* • Zuckerman Unbound, *Philip Roth*

NONFICTION: Ernest Hemingway Selected Letters, 1917-1961, *edited by Carlos Baker* • Jefferson and His Time: The Sage of Monticello, *Dumas Malone* • The Lord God Made Them All, *James Herriot* • Mornings on Horseback, *David McCullough* • Moving Pictures, *Budd Schulberg* • Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number, *Jacobo Timerman* • Within the Whirlwind, *Eugenia Ginzburg*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Noble House, *Clavell (1 last week)*
2. Goodbye, Janette, *Robbins (2)*
3. The Glitter Dome, *Wambaugh (3)*
4. Gorky Park, *Smith (4)*
5. God Emperor of Dune, *Herbert (5)*
6. The Cardinal Sins, *Greeley (6)*
7. The Third Deadly Sin, *Sanders*
8. Free Fall in Crimson, *MacDonald (8)*
9. License Renewed, *Gardner (10)*
10. Clowns of God, *West (9)*

NONFICTION

1. The Beverly Hills Diet, *Mazel (1)*
2. The Lord God Made Them All, *Herriot (2)*
3. Richard Simmons' Never-Say-Diet Book, *Simmons (3)*
4. Living Alone and Liking It, *Shahan (8)*
5. How to Make Love to a Man, *Penney (7)*
6. Miss Piggy's Guide to Life, *Piggy with Beard (6)*
7. The Eagle's Gift, *Castaneda (9)*
8. Cosmos, *Sagan (4)*
9. Theory Z, *Ouchi (10)*
10. Cinderella Complex, *Dowling*

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Medicine to Go

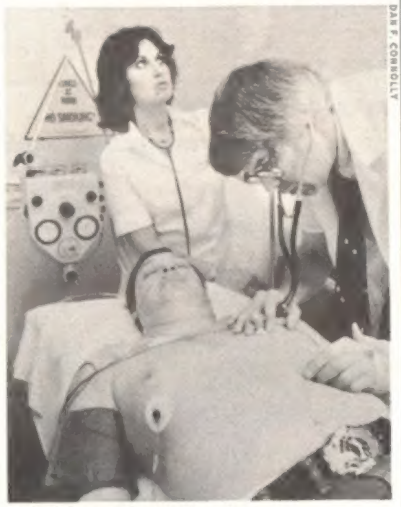
Clinics for impatient patients

When a flying metal shard gashed his left wrist, Nick Diaz, 33, an inspector at a Houston toolmaking firm, wondered where to go for help. His plant was too small to have a medical department, his own doctor was way across town and he did not want the hassle of checking in at a hospital. So he went to a neat, one-story building with a 40-ft.-high sign bearing a distinctive logo: an upraised hand with a bandage wrapped around its fingers and a first-aid cross on its palm. Once inside the MedStop clinic, Diaz quickly got his cut cleaned, X-rayed and closed up with two stitches. He was able to pay his $67 bill and leave within an hour.

The clinic is part of a rising phenomenon in health care: quick-service, walk-in establishments that critics deride as "medical McDonald's." Now numbering about 150, most of them run for profit by private physicians, these places are known as freestanding emergency clinics, or FECs, because they are physically separate from hospital facilities. FECs appeared in Delaware and Rhode Island in the early and mid-1970s, but now the big growth area is the Sunbelt, particularly Texas.

Usually the centers are open seven days a week, but only during fixed hours and mainly to cater to people needing routine tests or treatment of simple ailments such as cuts, sprains, colds and sore throats. Though many clinics can and do provide first aid for auto-accident and heart-attack victims, they do not keep patients overnight. Says Dr. David Carlyle, medical director for MedStop's three clinics (one in Dallas, two in Houston): "We are basically geared to take care of one-shot problems." MedStop, one of the FEC pioneers, was started three years ago by Henry Harper Jr., 34, a Houston physician who decided while working in a hospital emergency room that there should be a low-cost alternative for people with simple medical needs. His clinics are open between 8 a.m. and 10 p.m. and staffed by four people: a receptionist, an X-ray technician, a nurse and an M.D., who may be an experienced physician or, on weekends, a young doctor completing training at a hospital.

Typically the clinics handle 60 patients a day. A customer simply walks in, fills out a registration form, then sits down in a large, well-lit room until the nurse ushers him into one of several treatment areas: a "crash room" equipped with cardiac defibrillators and respirators for the rare patients who arrive with serious problems, an orthopedic room equipped to deal with fractures and sprains, a "suture bay" for minor lacerations, or an X-ray room. There is also a laboratory to do blood and urine tests and bacterial cultures. About half of MedStop's business comes from doing pre-employment physicals for companies or dealing with minor on-the-job injuries. Employers like MedStop, says Carlyle, "because time is money. We can get people in and out faster than an emergency room or doctor's office and do just as good a job."



DAN F. CONNOLLY

Examining patient in Houston

Profiting from one-shot problems.

MedStop charges slightly more than private physicians, but it undercuts hospital fees by 40% to 45% or more. A routine chest X ray may cost $80 at a hospital emergency room, *vs.* only $30 at MedStop. Aside from workmen's compensation, the clinics accept no insurance, claiming that the paper work would raise their costs by 10%. Payment is strictly by cash, check or credit card.

Some hospital officials are aghast at such clinics. Dr. James Cross, director of emergency medicine for Houston's Memorial Hospital system, points out that FEC cannot offer patients the "emotional rapport" they expect from a family doctor. Moreover, FECs take needed business away from traditional emergency rooms, which are open 24 hours and must accept all patients whether they can pay or not. "It is hard to imagine good medicine as a franchise on a national level," says Cross. "You cannot standardize medicine. You cannot package and deliver consistency the way McDonald's does hamburgers." MedStop's Carlyle counters that his clinics, at least, maintain high standards. With nearly 135,000 patients treated so far, he points out, MedStop has never been sued for malpractice. ■

The MedStop sign

Motherly Advice

Don't drink while pregnant

When they learn the stork is on the way, many couples celebrate with wine or champagne. In the future that tradition may be carried on by the father alone. The U.S. Surgeon General has now advised pregnant women, and those trying to become pregnant, to avoid all alcohol because of potential danger to the fetus.

The new caution extends earlier warnings on the hazards of heavy drinking during pregnancy. Studies have shown that 30% to 45% of infants born to women who drink upwards of 3 oz. of pure alcohol daily (the equivalent of six or more cocktails) have a set of defects known collectively as fetal alcohol syndrome. Its ravages include mental retardation, growth deficiencies and distinctive facial features. Similar problems occur in about 10% of the babies born to women who consume 1 to 2 oz. of alcohol a day.

The dangers of lighter drinking by pregnant women are not firmly established, but research suggests there is some risk. For example, reports have linked drinking 1 oz. of alcohol a day to low birth weights and 2 oz. a week with an increased risk of spontaneous abortions. Findings such as these were enough to prompt the Surgeon General's warning. Says John DeLuca, director of the National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism: "It's really quite simple—we don't know a safe level. I can't say that one drink is safe and 1½ are not."

Most experts on fetal alcohol syndrome believe that abstinence is the most prudent course, but a few are concerned that the official warning was based on inconclusive evidence. Dr. Henry Rosett of Boston University School of Medicine notes that many obstetricians believe that small amounts of alcohol are harmless and relaxing, and they allow pregnant patients a glass of wine with the evening meal. Dr. Joe Simpson of Northwestern University Medical School in Chicago worries about instilling guilt in women who take an occasional drink: "Even if the studies are correct, it need not follow that every woman who had a drink and miscarried or had a baby with a problem did so because of alcohol. But women are going to assume it was the one drink they took while pregnant." Even so, most experts acknowledge that the warning is justified. Says Dr. Sterling Clarren of the University of Washington School of Medicine: "Women who drink small amounts of alcohol during pregnancy take a risk which is probably small, but it is not zero." ■

As a Matter of Fat . . .

Scales-tipping actors must stay heavy to keep working

While half of America skips lunch, or pledges to, and bemoans the thousand extra ounces flesh is heir to, one glamorously employed elite has a perfect excuse for staying plump. Fat actors and actresses—those who won their fame with an expansive physical image—often feel they must stay heavy to keep working.

Acting is usually a kind of seduction of the audience, and the conventionally unseductive, unless they are established stars, pay a price. They may be denied sympathetic or leading roles. They may be consigned to comedy, on the presumption that audiences think fat is funny. They may, like James Coco, grow "tired of getting scripts that were all fat jokes." They may, like Charlotte Rae, find it "depressing" to be offered lots of characters specifically described as fat. And offstage they worry as much about health, vigor and appearance as the well rounded in other walks of life. But in a notoriously unstable business, fat actors and actresses have a trademark that steadily gets them jobs.

Sometimes that trademark is chosen deliberately. Shelley Winters, now synonymous with matronly excitability, was an underemployed leading lady of about 35 when Director George Stevens gave her an idea. Says she: "He told me that if I gained 30 lbs. I could successfully make the transition to leading character actress and I would work all my life." She did, and has since won two Oscars (*The Diary of Anne Frank*, 1959, and *A Patch of Blue*, 1965) while acting at varying weights —but "the fat pictures are the ones that are big and successful."

Sometimes weight is imposed by a role. When the late Vivian Vance played Ethel Mertz in *I Love Lucy*, according to Bart Andrews' *The Story of I Love Lucy*, she was obliged by contract to stay 20 lbs. overweight so that she would look older and frumpier than Star Lucille Ball. Robert De Niro gained 50 lbs. to play the older Jake La Motta in *Raging Bull*, then quickly dropped most of it for his next role, in *True Confessions*.

Most often an actor's amplitude just happens, then turns out to be a help. It is especially useful to a gifted but lesser known journeyman such as Pat Hines, who after 29 years in show business is at last in a Broadway hit, playing the wily courtier Count Orsini-Rosenberg in *Amadeus*. Says he: "I'm sure there is a 'fat list,' perhaps even written down, that producers consult. You like to think you're hired strictly for your abilities, but I know my size has gotten me jobs." Among actors who might be on any producer's list: Orson Welles, an epic creator who is known to the television generation as the butt of Johnny Carson's fat jokes; William Conrad, TV's Nero Wolfe; Raymond Burr, old Ironside; and Burt Young, the Gibraltar of *Rocky*. Perhaps the most stereotyped of all is Victor Buono. Fat from childhood, Buono reached 400 lbs. before a recent diet took him down to 350. He played Bette Davis' father in *Hush, Hush . . . Sweet Charlotte* when he was 25 and Davis was 55. Now 43, Buono longs for varied roles but tells himself, "In a business of visual types, you are a mountain."

Three weighty performers: Victor Buono . . .

PETER C. BORSARI

. . . Shelley Winters and Pat Hines

VAN WILLIAMS

Women seem to find weight more of a hindrance, perhaps because Hollywood and the theater offer fewer roles for women. Shirley Stoler, best known as the prison commandant in the film *Seven Beauties*, played the mother in Edward Albee's Broadway version of *Lolita* this spring. Both roles required her to be fleshy and sensual, and gave her a showcase—but such roles are rare. Kathleen Freeman, a vice president of the Screen Actors Guild who has played in more than 100 movies and won two TV Emmy nominations by portraying a battle-ax, says her shape registers with casting directors "right away." Being stereotyped as fat, even if employed, "infuriated" her, so she dieted from 200 down to 150 lbs.—for about the third time in her life, she says.

Frantic dieting is common in Hollywood. Says Acting Coach Anna Strasberg: "When an actor's agent tells his [overweight] client he should start thinking in terms of character roles, the actor goes crazy." Freeman, though, built her career in character parts. So did Coco and Dom De Luise, both of whom have also gone on diets. None expects much change professionally. Yet each wants to improve his appearance. And each seems convinced he will be among the 10% to 20% of dieters nationwide who stay thin. Among those who have drifted back up is Edward Asner. He dieted when he shifted the TV character of Newsman Lou Grant from the *Mary Tyler Moore Show* to his own hour-long show, thinking the audience would take a lean editor more seriously. One champion drifter is Hines, now 265 lbs., who has lost "at least a thousand pounds" and is now reconciled to playing fat parts. "Once an actor's image is established," he says, "it doesn't change. I've been all the way down to 220 lbs., and I was up for the same roles I am now."

Except for Burr and Conrad, fat actors and actresses rarely play heroes. They play extravagant figures of fun or menace, sometimes on the verge of losing control. They are often asked to stereotype the worst things they may believe about themselves and their weight. But to those moments in the dark, when an audience is demanding physical perfection, fat actors offer a comforting alternative—a tale of beauty and obese. *—By William A. Henry III. Reported by Joseph Pilcher/Los Angeles and Janice C. Simpson/New York*

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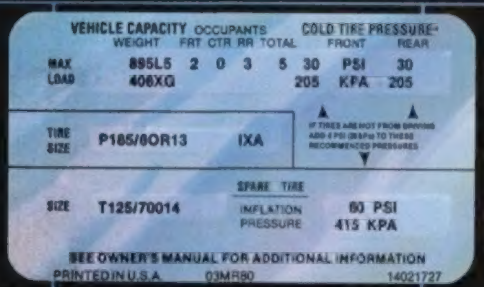

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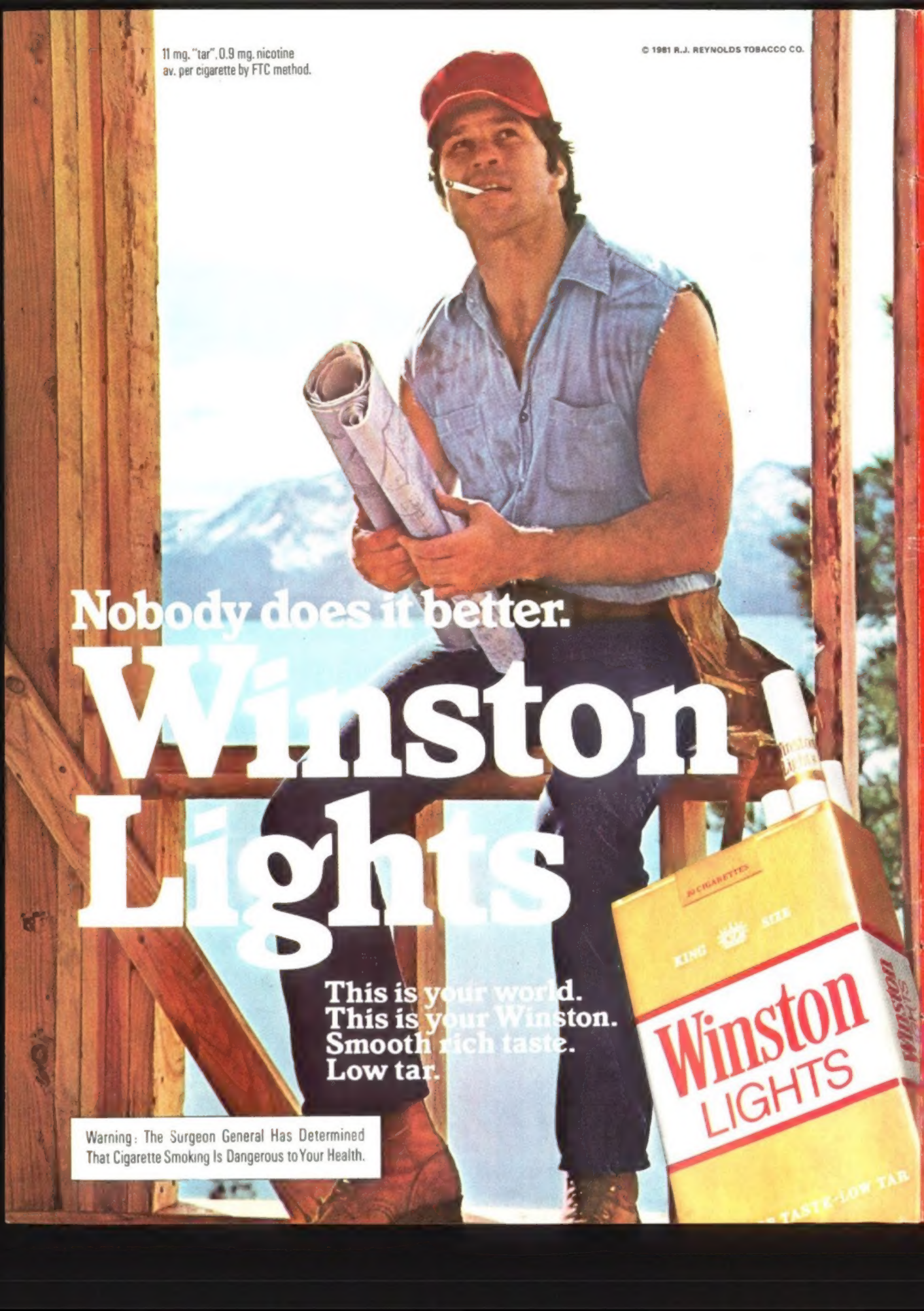
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